

1892

THE DOMINIE'S WIFE WENT WRONG

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RICHARD K. FOX,
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SHE DANCED ON HOT POTATOES.

. CATHERINE MCCOY, A NEW YORK GIRL, SURPRISES HER PARENTS BY HER TERPSICHOREAN ANTICS.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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CORSETS AND DIVORCE.

Some very curious matrimonial muddles come up in the divorce courts nowadays. The inconsistent, but certainly convenient, laws in the various States are more or less responsible for this state of affairs. In Rhode Island a man or woman can obtain a divorce upon most any ground, while in Washington he or she may be relieved of the matrimonial yoke by merely paying lawyer's fees.

A peculiar case is now on the docket in Providence, R. I. A young artist wants a divorce from his literary wife because she refuses to wear corsets and is an advocate of dress reform and Bellamy's unique theories. We never before heard of a man finding fault with a woman because she didn't wear corsets. We were always under the impression that he liked her all the better if she didn't. But this view simply goes to prove our inexperience in such matters, and convinces us that human nature is more of a problem than we credited it with being. Of course every woman has the supreme right to wear or not to wear what she pleases. The less she wears the more attractive she appears in the eyes of some men, more especially the frequenters of the front row of the orchestra. But as long as she is decently clothed in the street we don't see why a man should object. Art has always held that corsets are a deformity rather than a promoter of beauty. Yet the young man, who believes in them where his wife is concerned, is an artist and a successful painter of nude figures. Why he should insist upon corsets is beyond our comprehension. Perhaps the woman in the case may have an idea.

Mrs. James Brown Potter, whose propriety some crusty critics have questioned, takes off her corsets before the footlights in Zola's play, and the public loudly applauds. She does it gracefully, and though the scene is suggestive, it is true to art, it is claimed.

But in the case of the Providence woman it was different. She had no corsets to take off, consequently there was no immodest display of her charms either in the sanctity of her home or before the vulgar gaze of the public.

But because she didn't wear 'em the artist in question stands a fair chance of getting his divorce.

MASKS AND FACES.

Willard and Barrie---Potter
and Bellew.

HAPPY HOLIDAY HOURS.

Manola and Mason---Corbett,
Brady and Champagne.

SOME SONGS AND SAYINGS

At this joyous holiday period, have you ever speculated on the songs of the day, the sayings of the hour and those who sing and say them?

Strange contrasts!
Some wild soubrette may sing of mother. Some puny tenor generally tackles a war ballad. Some giddy ballerina speaks to some old dotard of her child. Some fat basso singer murmurs of tender sentiment. Some hoarse-voiced contralto bellows out the joyous song of the old arm chair, while she is, perhaps, hurling



"MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

the aforesaid chair at the head of an inflammable though antiquated bean.

We are overburdened just now with couples on the stage who have themselves photographed and lithographed as Mr. and Mrs. Kendal did, arm-in-arm, or looking lovingly at one another, or rapturously gazing up at each other, or in other ridiculously maudlin attitudes.

Sidney Drew and Mrs. Drew were the first to imitate Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in this fad, and everybody laughed.

Now John Mason and Marion Manola follow in the wake of Sidney Drew, and the result is quite as ex-cruciatingly funny.

I saw Mason and Manola in "If I were you," their new play, by Young, at Hermann's, the other night. Say, if I were you, I wouldn't go to see them in that play, for it's a soporific of the first water.

Manola is a charming and intelligent actress, sings two or three delightful songs, but Jack Mason reminds me of Karl Gardper in looks and hasn't a particle of magnetism.

That is, he hasn't any magnetism for me—I'm not everybody. Therefore go, no, don't go, and see him, but hear Manola.

Two soubrettes in town, Sadie McDonald, at the Academy, and Nellie Parker, at the Bijou, are singing this:

Everybody has a sweetheart underneath the rose,
Everybody loves a body, so the old song goes;
I've a sweetheart, you all know him just as well as me,
Every evening I can see him shortly after tea.

CHORUS.

My sweetheart's the man in the moon,
I'm going to marry him soon;
I would fill me with bliss, just to give him one kiss,
But I know that a dozen I never would miss.
I'll go up in a great big balloon,
And see my sweetheart in the moon,
Then behind some dark cloud where no one is allowed,
I'll make love to the man in the moon.

I have often wondered where he spends his time all day,
Perhaps he has another sweetheart many miles away;
Maybe some sweet dark-haired maiden daily does he woo,
But as long as I don't catch him, I'll believe him true.

CHORUS.

Last night while the stars brightly shone,
He told me through love's telephone,
That when we were wed, he'd go early to bed,
And never stay out with the boys, so he said.
We are going to marry next June,
The wedding takes place in the moon;
A sweet little Venus we'll fondle between us,
When I wed my old man in the moon.

Mrs. Potter has been doing well in town, dallying with Zola and dining with Bellew.

I saw her in a cab with Kyrle the other day. Though thin and worn, Cora still has that aristocratic repose which is her greatest charm, and still flashes on you that bright, seductive eye.

Jim Thornton is a great favorite at the Imperial Music Hall, and his songs catch on great.

Vanoni still enthralls at Koster and Bial's.

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The most delightful play I saw in town last week was "The Professor's Love Story," by Barrie, at the Star Theatre. Willard was superb in the part of an eccentric professor of electricity who falls in love with his pretty private secretary and doesn't know it.



"I'M SO SHY!"

Willard was called out repeatedly after the fall of the curtain, and thanked the audience, and said he'd wire Barrie of his success.

I met William A. Brady, the enterprising manager of Jim Corbett, at the Coleman House the other day. He was cheerful and cheery, had a big cigar between his teeth and a smile in his eye. He tells me Corbett's tour is a howling jag of joy, a triumphal parade. Some of the students of Fair Harvard are traveling along just for the fun of the thing.

Some of these fakirs make me weep.

Tears, idle, idle tears.

"There never was an actress who could command her lachrymal glands as Adelaide Neilson," said handsome Jack Barnes to me one day.

"I was her leading man at one time," continued Jack, "and I learned her peculiar faculty in this way to my cost. At that time I rather fancied myself, don't you know, in such parts as Romeo and the like, and I went to considerable expense in dressing."

"For Romeo I had some lovely dresses, all silk, satin and lace, and of the most delicate evening shades, as the ladies say. A delicate pale blue jacket was my favorite in one of the scenes between Romeo and Juliet, and I was awfully sorry I had it before the season was over."

"After a few performances I noticed that the beau-



"OLD ARM-CHAIR!"

tiful pale blue silk on the front of my costume was stained in some way. There were long streaks I could not account for.

"That night Neilson and I were in one of the pathetic love scenes of 'Romeo and Juliet.' Her head rested on my breast. She looked up. I turned her face to the audience a moment, which at once burst into tumultuous applause. When she turned her face



"TOWARD THE WALL!"

toward mine again I saw the tears streaming down her cheeks.

"I glanced at my costume and saw the cause of the stains. Here were several fresh, wet streaks on the

handsome pale blue silk made by Juliet's tears. I tried to hold her head away from me, but costumes had to be sacrificed to art, and when the season was over my costume was a striped instead of a plain blue silk, the change having been caused by Juliet's too realistic weeps."

Tony Pastor, looking as jolly as ever, is in town, playing his dates and his games of pinochle.

Harrigan draws as well as Amy Lee used to paint.

Mrs. Yeaman continues to be a great favorite and so does John Wild. Annie Buckley, daughter of the eminent Ed Buckley, is a clever little actress, looks intelligent, and would, I am certain, do great things if she were given half a chance.

Overheard between the acts between Blake, the manager, and Mrs. Demi-Monde, a gay lady of society: "Why do you wish to go on the stage? You want to get a husband I suppose."

"Oh, no. I have a husband."

"Ah, I see. You want to get rid of one."

"Say," remarked Pert Breeze, the Soubrette, as she munches a sandwich, "I hear the astronomers say the earth is drying up."



"HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

"I wish you would follow her example," impolitely answered Boozie, the comedian.

"All right," in crestfallen tones said Pert Breeze. "But, you old bear, I wish you a happy New Year, all the same."

Law Rosen

A MISSOURI GIRL MURDERED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A case of suspected murder has developed near Noel, in McDonald County, Mo. The victim is Miss Louie Noel, 19 years old, daughter of T. W. Noel, Assessor of McDonald county. William Simmons, an employee at one of the Joplinelters, is supposed to be the person who can throw light upon the case. He went to McDonald county to visit her at the home of her sister, Mrs. Sidney Holly. On the following Friday he announced that he would return to Joplin that evening, and Mr. and Mrs. Holly left home to be absent until the next day. It was arranged that Miss Noel should remain at her sister's home until Simmons left and then go to the home of her uncle, John W. Noel, on the other side of the Cowasick River, or go to the house of a neighbor near by.

When Mr. and Mrs. Holly returned home they found the girl missing. They gave the fact little thought until they learned that the girl was not at her uncle's and had not been seen there. Mr. Holly was dispatched to Webb City to inquire for her among relatives, and not finding trace of her came to Joplin to see Simmons. Simmons said that he had left the girl sitting on the river bank, and he expressed surprise at her disappearance, but he manifested no disposition to engage in the search for her. A suggestion from him that she might have committed suicide aroused suspicion against him, and upon Mr. Holly's return home the river was dragged. The body was found close to the bank, the clothing having caught on the overhanging limbs of a tree. An examination disclosed that the neck was broken and that there were discolorations upon the neck and bruises upon the forehead. Miss Noel had many admirers and was a girl of a somewhat daring and willful disposition. It is supposed that Simmons killed her in a fit of jealous rage. He was found and arrested, but refused to talk about the case.

MRS. JONES'S STORY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Frankie Jones, wife of a Wisconsin lumber dealer, accuses Dr. Lucas, of the Grand Institute, 3750 Grand Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., with a very serious charge. Mrs. Jones was a patient of the Institute. She alleges that Lucas came to her room one night and made improper advances towards her. She was clad only in her night clothes, and to escape from the doctor Mrs. Jones was compelled to go out through a window leading to the roof of the piazza. Her screams attracted the attention of Dr. Lucas's wife, who admitted her through another window to her room. Dr. Lucas denies that he took any liberties with Mrs. Jones.

ACCIDENTALLY SHOT HER AUNT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Celia Boyd, aged 19, accidentally shot her aunt Mrs. Philip Boyd, through her brain with a revolver which she snapped, not knowing it was loaded, in Kittanning, Pa. The girl ran for a doctor, but he could do nothing, and the woman died in twenty minutes. Although there is no evidence that the shooting was other than purely accidental, the frightened girl was arrested and taken before Squire Simpson, who committed her to jail for a hearing. A son of Mrs. Boyd was showing the revolver to the girl, who took and snapped it several times before it was discharged.

IDA SIDDONS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

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PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

Accused of Betraying His Former Wife.

MRS. NELSON'S DOWNFALL.

Wants a Divorce Because His Wife Won't Wear Corsets.

FACTORY GIRL'S HUMILIATION.



UED for breach of promise by his former wife. It is a peculiar story that comes from Seattle, Wash. It appears that a few years ago Mary M. Anderson secured a divorce from her husband, Louis C. Anderson. She was also awarded the custody of her three children. Now she has instituted suit against Anderson for \$25,000 damages for breach of promise.

Mrs. Anderson claims that shortly after she obtained her divorce her husband began paying court to her again. He had such persuasive ways, she says, that a year ago he won her love, and under the promise of marriage, enjoyed marital rights again.

She also alleges that on Dec. 1, last, Anderson married one Gunda Thompson, and now she wants damages.

Lying insensible in a cell at the city prison in Columbus, O. is Mrs. Florence Nelson, the discarded wife of a well-known citizen of Nelsonville, O.

Her husband was Daniel Nelson, for whose aristocratic ancestors the town mentioned was named. The couple were divorced two years ago, the cause of their separation being Carl Pfaff, a traveling salesman, formerly of Columbus, who for several years represented his father's wholesale house. It was in the course of one of young Pfaff's business trips to Nelsonville that he met and seduced Mrs. Nelson. Her husband discovered their guilt, and the consequent connection of Pfaff's name with the divorce suit caused his father to disown him.

After separating from her husband Mrs. Nelson went from bad to worse. She had a burning love for liquor, to which her family, who are well-to-do and highly respectable people, always attributed her downfall. They made every possible effort to reform her, and sent her to the liquor cure institute at Marysville a short time ago. Mrs. Nelson escaped from that institution and disappeared completely.

It developed later that she went to Columbus and entered a house of ill-fame at 89 West Maple street. The other night the police were notified that a woman who was crazed with liquor was creating a disturbance at the house mentioned, and she was taken to the city prison. She was delirious at that time, and has never regained her right mind. She is now in a stupor, from



MADE LOVE TO HIS WIFE A SECOND TIME.

which it is impossible to arouse her, and her condition is regarded as very critical.

Whether she took poison before she was arrested or whether she is dying from the effects of drink is yet a question that has not been solved.

Mrs. Nelson is a tall blonde, with golden hair and a face that still bears traces of remarkable beauty. Her identity was unknown until some Nelsonville friends of Acting Turnkey Godschall called at the prison and identified her.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson is well-known in the literary world, where her works have attracted a great deal of attention. But because she doesn't wear corsets, her husband, G. Walt Stetson, an artist of note, wants a divorce. Mrs. Stetson is a very handsome young woman. She is charged by her husband in the divorce court of Providence, R. I., with being a crank on dress and physical reform, and with appearing in public without corsets, boot heels and waist belt. The testimony following these revelations was remarkable. Artist Stetson swore:

"I was married in this city May 2, 1884. Shortly

after the wedding Mrs. Stetson began to attend a gymnasium and soon developed into a very muscular woman. She discarded her corsets and said it was, in her mind, an unhealthy thing for a woman to wear



WENT CRAZY IN A BATHING.

a waist-belt, and she also had her fine calf shoes made without heels.

"Mrs. Stetson became a crank on all these matters. She was loud in her clamor for dress reform and



SHE WOULDN'T WEAR CORSETS.

physical reform. She said she wanted to show the American women how to dress and how to become strong and healthy, so that children might be born to them without costing them their health and in many cases their lives.

"When Mrs. Stetson was not occupied in the gymnasium and in advocating before women's meetings the cause of dress reform and physical culture she wrote for various magazines and her literary efforts gave her no time to attend to me or my wants.

"We lived very agreeably together, notwithstanding all the eccentricities of the respondent, until July, 1889, when she said she had so much literary work to attend to she could not pay much, if any, attention to me, and she took herself to apartments in the house and said she had decided to give all of the rest of the residence over to me. She remained at the house as my wife in name only until Jan. 10, 1890, when she packed up her literary and dress reform effects and left for the West. She said it was only an aggravation not to have the days longer, so that she could give up her entire time to the writings which she was then engaged in.

"At that time she was loaded down with the works of Bellamy. She took up in course the different reforms and said she expected to lend her aid to all the reform movements that were to be started in the future.

"The literary bureau which Mrs. Stetson established at my house was something gigantic. She contributed regularly to the Nationalist paper, and was widely advertised. The result was that it brought other cranks to my residence to consult and visit my wife."

The testimony showed that Mrs. Stetson was an originator of radical theories concerning married life. She said she was a married woman, but that her relationship in this respect should not be made to interfere with her developments of the literary work which she had chosen to follow, and which she considered a profession.

The Court was given some letters written by the absent wife from the Pacific slope. These letters were of a vigorous business turn and refrained from any endearing terms. She made known in plain words

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that she was busy day and night on her book and magazine articles, and that she would never on that account return to live with her husband.

The Superior Court in this city will have a rather mixed matrimonial tangle to untie in a few days. The facts in the case are told in a series of affidavits made by John B. Sullivan, a yard master in the employ of the New York & Northern Railroad, and living at No. 1164 Ogden avenue, Highbridge. The affidavits are drawn up by Sullivan's counsel, Mr. Robert Greenthal, of No. 51 Chambers street.

According to the affidavits, on March 20, 1888, Miss Ida C. Jenkins, then a girl of eighteen years, was married to Edward H. Underhill, who was at that time an engineer on the Long Island road. The marriage was performed by Mayor Gleason of Long Island City, and the young couple went to live at No. 89 Borden avenue, Greenpoint.

The young bride was remarkably pretty and fond of admiration, and, it is alleged, the husband became very jealous. They disagreed frequently, and after one dispute more serious than the previous ones Underhill decided to leave his wife for a time.

He went West in May of the same year without telling his wife where he had gone or whether he would ever return. Shortly after the desertion of her husband she made the acquaintance of John B. Sullivan, who was then employed as yard master by the Long Island Railroad. Sullivan, not knowing of her marriage, made love to her. He was successful, for on July 31 of the same year, four months after her first marriage and two months after her husband left her, the girl and Sullivan were married in Brooklyn, and went to live with her mother at No. 113 Huron street, of that city.

The couple lived happily together for several months. Sullivan, it is alleged, was kept in ignorance

Sullivan promised and left the house and his wife. He gave up his place on the Long Island road and came to this city, where he secured employment in the Highbridge yards of the New York and Northern road.

The Underhills heard nothing from Sullivan, and it appears from the affidavits they have lived happily together. On the other hand, Sullivan became acquainted with Miss Margaret White, an estimable young lady, and began to pay court to her in the summer of 1890.

He did not tell her of his marriage to the wife of Underhill, it is alleged, for the reason that he didn't



THE GIRLS TORE HER CLOTHING OFF.

think that marriage amounted to anything. Miss White was extremely religious, being a strict Catholic, and he feared that the disclosure of his first marriage might interfere with the success of his courtship.

He and Miss White became engaged, and they were married at the Holy Cross Church, in West Forty-second street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, on Nov. 19, 1890. They went to live at No. 1,164 Ogden avenue, and five months ago a baby was born to them.

On the night of the christening it is alleged that Mrs. Sullivan had some trivial dispute with her husband's sister, who knew of her brother's marriage to Mrs. Underhill, but had said nothing about it.

In the heat of the argument Sullivan's sister, it is said, disclosed the secret of the first marriage. This threw the young mother into hysterics. When she recovered she counselled with her family, and the result was, it is stated, that she told her husband he must bring suit to have his marriage with Mrs. Underhill annulled or she would have him arrested on a charge of bigamy.

It was this which led Sullivan to consult Lawyer Greenthal regarding a suit for the annulment of the marriage. All the papers were drawn up, and William Greenthal went to Brooklyn to serve the papers in the case upon Mrs. Underhill, the defendant.

When he finally managed to see her, Mr. Greenthal said that she wept bitterly and told him that she had never informed her husband of her marriage to Sullivan. She has a baby eighteen months old. She said she feared the consequence when her husband learns of her second marriage.

If the story told by Alice Finnell, an employee of the New Alexandria Woodware Company, is true the good people of Alexandria, Va., have every reason to be justified in the expressions of indignation toward Foreman Earl Hendrickson of the company. The girl claims that one morning recently while at work she was stripped of her clothing by her female associates and exposed to the gaze of the male employees. The story became current in Alexandria, and the feeling of indignation ran so high that threats of lynching Foreman Hendrickson were freely made. Becoming alarmed, the officers of the company and the police department took measures to protect Hendrickson from possible harm.

Miss Alice Finnell is an attractive looking country girl of twenty-two years, and when seen at her home in Alexandria told the following story:

"I came to Alexandria but a short time ago, and within the past four days I got work in the basket shop of the wooden ware factory over in New Alexandria.

"There were ten other girls employed in the same room with me, and ever since I came to the shop they have made a point of abusing me because I was a new hand and ignorant of the work. They annoyed me in different ways, and when I threatened to report them to the boss they said if I did it would be bad for me, and two of the men threatened to take me out and kill me. On Wednesday morning about 9 o'clock the girls all took hold of me and stripped off my clothes, and after they had stood me up in the room and made fun of me they threw open the door and called in all the men and boys. I do not know how many of them there were, but at that time Earl Hendrickson, the foreman of the shop, came around, and instead of stopping the business he stood and laughed with the rest.

"Of course I did not know what to do or how to help myself. I do not know how long I was kept there, but when I got away I went back to town. The first one I told of the trouble was the foreman of the wooden factory that was burned last night.

"This evening Earl Hendrickson and Clark, the superintendent, came here to the house and tried to make me deny the story. I would not do that, and they were very abusive and made such a disturbance that Mrs. Arnold, the old lady who keeps this house, fainted. In the meantime people had got wind of the story, and a great crowd gathered outside the house. Three men, Ben Cline, Raymond Smith, and Ernest Langley, came in and put Clark and Hendrickson out. I think the crowd wanted to mob them, and I don't know how they got away."

Em Dash



HUSBAND NO. 2 SEES HUSBAND NO. 1.

family. The young girl took Sullivan into another room and then told him the whole story. She begged him to say nothing of their marriage to Underhill, fearing that the violent temper of the latter would end in some tragedy.

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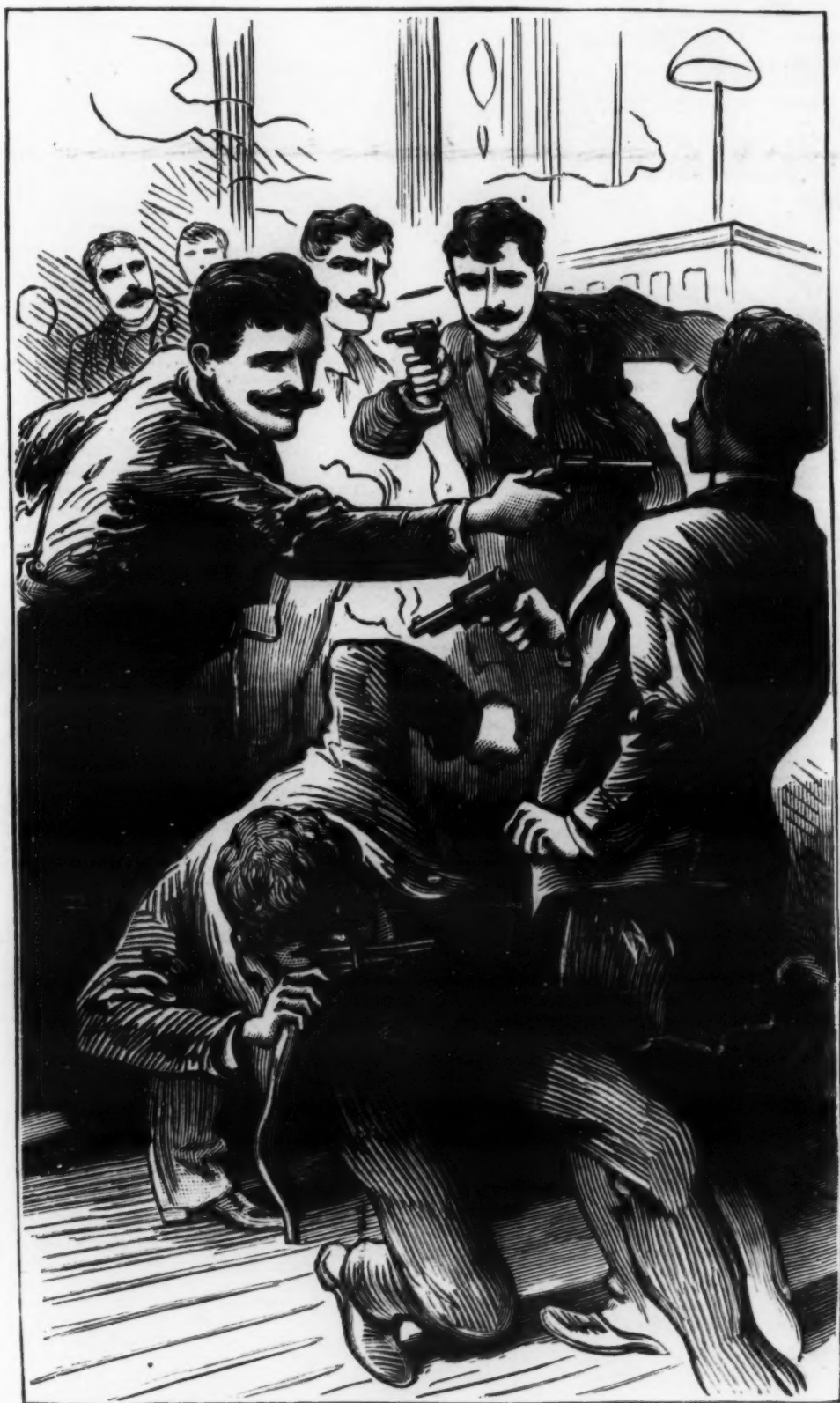
IDA SIDDONS,

THE BUXOM AND BOUNCING BURLESQUER, WHO NUMBERS HER FRIENDS AND ADMIRERS BY LEGIONS.



SHE WAS GOING TO ELOPE.

BUT PAPA DUNN WAS ON TO HER, AND TOOK THE LITTLE DEAR FROM BED BACK TO BEAVER COUNTY, PA.



A BLOODY RIOT IN COURT.

THE M'NORRILL AND JONES FAMILIES FILL EACH OTHER FULL OF LEAD AND HAVE A RED-HOT TIME IN WAYNESBORO, GA.



A WIFE'S REVENGE.

PLUCKY AND PRETTY MRS. CHARLES BORMANN FINDS HER DETECTIVE HUSBAND ENJOYING THE FAVORS OF MABEL EVANS, IN CLEVELAND, O.

HE HELD LIFE CHEAPLY.

Deeds of Frank Phillips, Kentucky's Noted Desperado.

THE MCCOY-HATFIELD FEUD.

Killing a Wounded Man Who Begged for Mercy.

WON HIS ENEMY'S WIFE.

The report of the killing of Frank Phillips, the notorious Kentucky desperado, in Lawrence county, Ky., has been denied. It appears, however, that Phillips was seriously wounded in a recent fight and is now in hiding. He will probably be heard of again before long. Phillips is probably one of the most heartless of Kentucky ruffians. His criminal career began in the fall of 1887, when the noted Hatfield-McCoy feud was approaching a climax. Not only had many lives been sacrificed, but the newspapers of other portions of the United States had been calling attention to the lawless condition of affairs in the mountains, until the Governor of Kentucky, the home of the McCoy's, and the Governor of West Virginia, the home of the Hatfields, had been aroused to action. Gov. Wilson, of West Virginia, was considering the application for the arrest and transfer of the worst of the Hatfield gang to Kentucky for trial. The McCoy's were only waiting the action of Gov. Wilson to serve his papers, or, failing to get the papers, to substitute their own might in getting the vengeance denied them by Gov. Wilson. The Hatfields, to prevent the interference of Gov. Wilson, were riding up and down the trails and passes of Logan county, West Virginia, and with ready rifles compelling every man they met to sign a petition to the Governor asking him to keep his hands off.

In October Wilson yielded to the demands of justice so far as to write to County Attorney Lee Ferguson, of Pike, Ky., saying that on the receipt of \$52 to pay the expense of an agent who had investigated the condition of affairs among the Hatfields, papers for the extradition of old Bad Anse Hatfield, the leader of the gang, his two sons, Cap and Jince, and Tom Mitchell and Tom Wallace, would be issued. These men, with some others, had tied three of the McCoy boys to the papaw bushes on the bank of Tug river, and had deliberately shot them to death, one of the boys being a lad of thirteen, who had never harmed any one.

It was at this point that Phillips' career began. Attorney Ferguson supposed Wilson would keep his word, and at once had Deputy Sheriff Frank Phillips appointed agent of the State of Kentucky to receive the prisoners and to make the arrests if need be. Until this was done Phillips was unknown beyond the confines of Pike county, Ky., and even there he was only known as a young man owning a mountain-side farm on one of the branches of Beaver Creek. His official duties had never extended beyond the serving of papers in civil suits.

The first thing this officer did in the discharge of his new commission was to send on four-fifths of the \$52 Gov. Wilson had demanded, and ask in return for it the papers for the extradition of four of the Hatfield

On Dec. 20, the same year, Phillips went with two of the McCoy's up into McDowell county, W. Va., where two of the Hatfield gang were staying. They



HIS VICTIM FELL.

were found at a cross roads store near Perryville and brought away safely to the Pike county jail.

The success of these raids roused the Hatfields to a wild state of anger, and on the following New Year's night they in return made a raid on the home of old Rand'l McCoy in Pike county, where they murdered in cold blood one young woman, Allaphare McCoy, shot Calvin McCoy in the course of the fight, and seriously wounded old Mrs. McCoy by pounding her on the head with a revolver and breaking two ribs with the butt of a gun. The murder of a woman roused Pike county as it had not been roused since the war, and hundreds of mountaineers were ready to join in a raid for revenge. The opportunity to make a reputa-

as the old man aimed a second shot. Then he got shelter behind a big oak, and almost lost his life trying to peer around it. Uncle Jim's bullet threw a shower of bark in his face as he drew back just in time. But before uncle Jim could throw in another cartridge Phillips fired square at the locust stub. The bullet went clear through it, struck Vance on the cartridge belt, and knocked him clear of the shelter. Before he could recover Phillips fired again and shot him through the body, and he fell headlong to the ground.

Then Phillips came from behind the oak and ran forward, supposing Vance was killed. He was, indeed, mortally wounded, but he was dying game as few men die. He had drawn a revolver as he fell, and before Phillips had taken three steps old Vance's head rose above the log and a big revolver was held before it with both hands. He was counted the best pistol shot in Logan county, and Phillips dropped to the ground instantly, while Uncle Jim made the mistake of ducking down behind the log. Had he fired on the instant Phillips would never have become a noted desperado, but by ducking he gave Phillips time to aim the Winchester, and when Vance again tried for a shot Phillips had the drop. The gray hairs of the old man appeared slowly rising above the log and Phillips fired. The bullet knocked Vance's cap ten feet away and scattered his brains all over the brush.

The raid ended there and the Kentuckians returned home. On the 9th they appeared on Beach Creek, where Justice of the Peace Wall Hatfield lived. Wall had been of the party that had murdered the three McCoy boys on the banks of Tug River. He was not expecting a raid, and when he heard the noise of the raiders' horses in his yard ran to the door to see what was the matter with his cattle. Opening the door he found himself looking into the muzzle of Jim McCoy's



WON HIS ENEMY'S WIFE.

tion as a man killer, for which Frank Phillips had waited, was at hand.

The Hatfields killed Allaphare McCoy on the night of Jan. 1, 1888. On the morning of the 6th Frank Phillips led twenty-three picked men, all well armed, toward Tug River, and in the afternoon they surrounded the house of old Bad Anse, opposite the mouth of Peter Creek. But only the women and children were there, and Phillips decided to wait till morning before continuing his search, for the reason that he did not know the country well and feared an ambush. On the seventh they pushed up the Virginia bank of the river to the home of Jim Vance who, it had been learned, was the leader of the gang that killed the woman. A trail of blood from a wounded Hatfield, that had been followed from Rand'l McCoy's house to Tug River, was picked up by the party on the Virginia side and traced directly to Jim Vance's door.

Vance's house was found empty—not even Mrs. Vance was at home—and so Phillips led the way up a small branch of Thacker Creek, intending to go over on Mate Creek to continue the search. The trail was simply a footpath up a steep gulch, and they were obliged to go single file. At the head of the stream, and right in the gap between two mountains, they met Mrs. Vance with an empty tin pail. She had been up in the mountain to carry breakfast to her husband and Cap Hatfield, who were hiding out there. The moment she saw the mob she shouted:

"Here they come!"

"How many?" asked Jim Vance from up in the woods.

"About forty, I reckon."

As the two talked the Kentucky crowd charged up the gap past the woman. Uncle Jim yelled "Halt!" and then, "Charge 'em, boys! Rally, boys, and charge 'em!" The latter words were a mere bluff, for the only one with him was Cap Hatfield, and he ran for life without firing a shot and got away.

But Uncle Jim was too old to run. Dodging behind a locust stub eight inches in diameter, he fired with a Winchester at Phillips, who led the mob. Phillips dodged the bullet by falling to the ground as the old man raised the rifle to fire. Then he jumped to his feet, ran forward, fired as he ran, and again dropped

rifle and surrendered at once. Five other members of the Hatfield crowd were captured on this raid, and all without bloodshed.

The next week—it was on Jan. 16—a third raid was made, and it was here that the true character of Frank Phillips was developed. With thirty-three men he rode over on Grapevine Creek where Cap Hatfield lived, and Cap with a dozen of his friends was found at home. On that morning Jim McCoy, on a reeve horse, was at the head of the procession of Kentuckians, and as they neared their destination he let the horse out. So it happened that he rounded a spur of



RECEIVED \$100 REWARD.

the mountain alone into full view of the Hatfield crowd, who at once opened fire on him. However, he got off his prancing steed, took off his overcoat that bound his arms a bit, and, going to a fence, took good aim at one of the gang and fired. He brought down his man, of course, and thereat the whole Hatfield

crowd fled. Then the rest of the Kentuckians arrived. Following a trail of blood, Frank Phillips found Jim McCoy's victim badly wounded in a shack pen near the house.

"What is your name?" said Phillips.

"Bill Dempsey," replied the man, holding up his hands. "I am not armed, gentlemen, and am dying now. Please don't shoot me any more—don't, don't."

The last words were uttered in a wild voice, for Phillips was drawing a revolver to kill the man. Several of the Kentuckians saw the drawing, too, and sprang forward to prevent the infamous deed, but they were too far away. Phillips shot the man through the head



SHOT A WOUNDED MAN.

as he begged for life. From that time to this he has never shown any feeling of remorse for his crime.

Of course the West Virginia authorities took a hand in the feud by indicting the raiders and offering rewards for their arrest. The sum of \$500 was offered for Frank Phillips, but he merely laughed at it, although he knew that detectives would be constantly on his trail. He even went over into West Virginia and appeared before officers of the law there.

Some time after the raid he fell in with one Jim Hurley, a desperado from Buchanan county, West Virginia, and the two became cronies. In spite of this friendship, however, Phillips arrested Sam Hurley, a fugitive from justice and an uncle of Jim, and took him to the Sheriff of Buchanan county for the sake of a reward of \$100 that had been offered. He got the \$100, somehow escaped arrest at the hands of the Sheriff, had a running fight with a gang of Hurley's Buchanan friends, in which two men were wounded, and got safe back to his home in Pike county. Of course thereafter his friend Jim Hurley became a deadly enemy, but Phillips cared nothing for that.

Then the wife of Jince Hatfield determined to get Phillips into the clutches of West Virginia law. She was a Pike county woman and not unattractive. Jince had found the country too dangerous, and had fled to Colorado, so she went back to her home in Kentucky. There she met Phillips, as she had come to do, and became his mistress. For a time she kept the Hatfields posted on his doings. When Phillips learned of her duplicity he simply laughed at her and continued his unlawful relations. Because he was a hero in her eyes, and kind to her as well, she was faithful to him thereafter, they say.

Since 1888 Phillips has led a life possible nowhere else in the United States. In the wilds of the Rocky Mountains he would have been arrested or killed long since. His adventures have been innumerable, and almost always thrilling. Once he caught Detective Dan Cunningham, of Charleston, W. Va., took him up into the woods, where his decaying cadaver would not be offensive to the neighbors, and would have killed him there had not Dan's ready tongue made Phillips believe that no effort to harm a Kentuckian was intended, but a raid on the Hatfields was to be arranged for. Once Cunningham had the drop on Phillips from the brush, but did not dare take advantage of it because of the proximity of a friend of Phillips.

Once Phillips and a lot of his friends chased a gang of detectives through a cornfield and over two mountains at night. One detective had eight bullet holes in his clothes in consequence, though no one was killed.

"Devil Anse; or, the Hatfield-McCoy Outlaws." A full and complete history of the deadly feud existing between the Hatfield and McCoy clans. Thrillingly narrated and graphically illustrated. This interesting book is sent by mail to any address by Richard K. Fox, New York. Price, 25 cents.

JONES CAUGHT THE BOOKMAKERS TO THE TUNE OF \$60,000.

On December 20 at the race track at Gloucester, N. J., the bookmakers laid 75 and 100 to 1 against Glee Boy, who won. After C. A. Jones, the trainer, had gone down the line, with a \$500 roll, playing his horse Glee Boy's post odds were at the very remunerative figure of 20 to 1.

Jones got a couple of policemen to guard him while he cashed in his tickets. He made the rounds of 27 books and collected from \$7,000 to \$9,000 before a dispatch reached the track from Roby, Ind., to the effect that Glee Boy was backed down from 30 to 1 to even money there, and that it was suspected that the horse was a "ringer."

President Thompson immediately stopped Jones from cashing any more tickets with about \$1,000 yet to collect. He was cross-examined as to the identity of the horse, who some thought might be Post Odds. The trainer stated that his name was C. A. Jones, of Columbus, O., and that he had recently come on with his horse; that his pedigree was as represented—bay colt, 3, by Falsetto-Glimpe, and that the horse had won lately at Nashville, Tenn.

No one appeared to contradict any of Mr. Jones' statements. It was one of the best "killings" ever executed on the Gloucester track, the winnings amounting to \$60,000.

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BLAZED AWAY AT ANSE.

gang that were to be extradited. Phillips had the \$52, but he was not going to give all of it to the State of West Virginia until papers for all five men were wanted. For the present papers for but four were wanted, and so only four-fifths of the \$52 was sent. But Phillips was too eager for adventure to wait for the arrival of the papers. He determined to get the men first, and serve the papers on them on Kentucky soil.

On the night of Dec. 9, 1887, with Jim and Sam McCoy he went across the Tug river to Logan county, W. Va., and at 11 o'clock at night reached the house of Tom Chambers, whom they supposed to be the Tom Mitchell they were after. There was a bright soft coal fire in the fireplace within the house, and a very large-sized bulldog without. Chambers was in bed, where he could be seen through the window by the light of the fire. Sam McCoy stood guard at the front door, while Jim and Phillips ran to the rear door. There Jim broke in the door just as the bulldog got a good grip on the thigh of Phillips, and Chambers leaped from his bed and reached for a gun. But Phillips was equal to the occasion. With one revolver he shot the dog dead, and with another covered Chambers, who had to surrender. He was safely carried to the Pike county jail.

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HER SAD LIFE ENDED.

Sir Johnston Littlesdale's
Daughter's Tragic Death.

ONCE A SOCIETY BELLE.

Deserted by Her Husband She
Becomes an Outcast.

A GREAT SCANDAL RECALLED.

Deserted by husband and friends, beautiful Mrs. Eleanor L. Cole, the daughter of Sir Johnston Littlesdale, Chief Justice, of England, became an outcast and sank to humanity's lowest level, and finally met a tragic death in the streets of Chicago.

Before her marriage the woman lived in Canada, where she reigned as a society belle. In 1881 she was wedded in Tellus, Ill., to Frank F. Cole, a wealthy chattel mortgage dealer. The wedding was a great social event. The couple lived at the Palmer House, Chicago, and mingled with South Side society until 1883. Then the wife sought a legal separation because of her husband's alleged cruelty.

The trial of the case created a great sensation. Gen. Stiles and Fanning Latham appeared for Mrs. Cole and A. B. Jenks and D. P. Duncombe represented the defendant. After a ten days' hearing before Judge Gardner a decree was awarded the wife, together with alimony at the rate of \$50 a month. At that time it was said that Cole owned real estate worth \$50,000 and personal property exceeding that amount.

Being defeated in the case and ordered to pay al-



SHE HAD LOST ALL SENSE OF SHAME.

mony, Cole disposed of his property and went to Montreal, Canada, where he resides at present.

It is said that his conduct drove the wife to a life of shame, until, at the time of her death, she was a depraved woman. Cole neglected to pay the alimony, and when \$2,626 was due Mrs. Cole secured judgment. To have this set aside Cole filed a petition in 1889 alleging his wife's immoral life. For this reason he wanted the decree awarding alimony set aside.

When the Appellate court was called upon to decide the case it held that Cole would have to pay alimony, that it did not make any difference what kind of a life she was leading, subsequent to the divorce, so long as nothing could be established against her character prior to that time. The case was recently affirmed in the Supreme Court and there was due up to that time about \$6,000. On the charge that Mr. and Mrs. Cole were about to settle the monetary matter without the



FOUNDED ON THE DOOR WITH HER UMBRELLA.

aid of an attorney Mr. Latham filed a petition a month ago to prevent it, as he claims to be entitled to at least \$2,000 for legal services. The settlement was never

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made, because of the sudden death of Mrs. Cole, and she has never had the benefit of a dollar under the decree.

Cole always contested her claim for money on the ground that she was possessed of considerable money and valuable property and that she was receiving large sums of money from her father, Sir Littlesdale. He contended that she had large funds on deposit in a bank at Montreal, and that she told him that she did not care anything about the scandal the divorce proceedings would cause, as she would go to Scotland immediately after she obtained a divorce and resume her maiden name. Many prominent attorneys at the



SHE HAD FALLEN FROM THE WINDOW.

bar figured in her case and among them was Leonard Swett, now deceased.

Since the inception of the litigation Mrs. Cole has haunted the court house almost daily. Only a few days before her death she informed one of the clerks that she was about to settle with Cole, as he was very anxious to attend the World's Fair with a new scheme he had invented.

It was this talk that induced Mr. Latham to secure an order from Judge Anthony preventing a secret settlement until his claim was satisfied. The attorneys will now probably continue the litigation against Cole to recover fees.

Eleanor L. Cole died in the county hospital on Dec. 9, of injuries received the day previous by falling from a fourth story window at No. 84 Wells street. The woman was taken to the county hospital, under the name of Nellie McNamara, by which she was generally known among the dissolute class with whom she has been in the habit of associating.

The coroner's inquest was held the day following the accident. Police Officer Andrew Kelviage testified that on the morning of Dec. 8, about 3:15 o'clock, he saw the woman and a young man at the door of Kreg's saloon, at the corner of Illinois and Wells streets. They were seeking entrance and she was rapping on the door with an umbrella. The next he saw of her she was lying on the sidewalk. He ran to her, helped her into the patrol wagon, which another officer had summoned, and started her to the county hospital. He is of opinion that she entered the wrong house, and in stumbling about fell through the low windows. She fell about 45 feet.

The jury's verdict was that Eleanor L. Cole came to her death from shock and injuries caused by accidentally falling from the fourth-story window at No. 84 Wells street, Dec. 8, 1892.

A PRETTY WOMAN'S PERIL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Joseph McKim, a rich man of Far Rockaway, L. I., was arrested recently charged with attempting to assault the wife of a young drug clerk named Theodore Metzger. According to the allegations, Mrs. Metzger was waiting alone for her husband to come to supper. She heard some one enter, and, thinking it was her husband, did not look up directly. The person walked up from behind, seized her, blew out the light and forced her to a sofa. She screamed and struggled and at that moment her husband arrived. Metzger sprang upon the intruder, whom he believed to be a burglar, pounded him and hurled him out of the door. Mrs. Dwyer, a neighbor, says she met McKim as he was coming out.

Judge Smith held him in \$1,000 bail for the Grand Jury. Mrs. Metzger is a very pretty woman of 18. McKim is sixty, a large property owner and an influential citizen. His two daughters are called the most beautiful girls in Far Rockaway.

McKim claims that the whole affair is a blackmailing scheme.

MONKEYED WITH THE WRONG GIRLS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Ethel Odell and Rose Phelps were recently arrested in Rochester, N. Y., charged with keeping a disorderly house at No. 19 Harrison street, and also with assaulting George Webber. A wealthy resident of Harrison had hired Webber to visit the women's house and afterward make an affidavit and procure the arrest of the girls. He and a friend spent a night there. The women learned of their neighbor's little game and lay in wait for the spy. Webber was on his way home when pounced upon by the two frisky females. Rose Phelps pounded him over the head with an umbrella, while her companion stood by to see fair play. Webber's eyes are in mourning, and his face is somewhat dented. The girls are awaiting trial.

A YOUTHFUL OUTLAW.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Albert Sharrard, aged 16, is terrorizing the ranchers near Dungeness, Wash. He recently broke into a settler's cabin and carried off two rifles and a quantity of ammunition. Two deputy sheriffs, with warrants, were sent to arrest the boy, but he intercepted the officers, covered them with his rifle and forced them to lay down their arms and turn back, with their hands above their heads. Last week he held up two men and robbed them of their watches and money. Several cabins have also been robbed, and two petty thieves have joined the young highwayman. A systematic effort will be made by the officers to capture the full-fledged outlaw. The boy has long been a terror to the community.

WILLIAM B. KINES.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page we present a portrait of Mr. William B. Kines, the sporting editor of the Baltimore American. Mr. Kines is a clever writer and well versed in matters pertaining to sports and sporting.

IN A FIEND'S CLUTCHES.

A Young and Beautiful Girl
Outraged in Columbus, O.

BOUND AND GAGGED HER.

Miss Donaldson Maltreated
While on a Sick Bed.

HER ASSAILANT ESCAPES.

Columbus, O., is in a great state of excitement over an outrage committed upon a young lady, and if the perpetrator is caught he will probably be lynched.

The affair occurred at the residence of Rev. M. R. Jones, No. 246 South Third street. Miss Mary Donaldson, a pretty shop girl, was the victim.

Miss Donaldson formerly resided at Mt. Giload, O. Upon the death of her parents, one year ago, she went to Columbus to live with her sister. This sister recently removed to Pittsburg, and Miss Donaldson became a boarder at the residence of Rev. Jones. Last week she was taken ill with a complication of diseases, the most serious of which was heart trouble. She was lying alone in her room on the first floor on the day of



A MAN ENTERED THE ROOM.

the assault, while the other occupants of the house were at dinner. She was partially unconscious from the effects of opiates and did not notice the sudden entrance of a stranger. The first that she knew of his presence was when she was aroused by some one raising her head. She saw a tall man of dark complexion bending over her, and screamed.

Her cry was not heard by the family, and she had no opportunity to scream again, for her assailant quickly bound a pillow around her head and face. He then made a bandage of another pillow case and, winding it around her head and beneath her chin, held her mouth closed as tightly as a vise. The brute had locked the door after him when he entered, and then turning to the windows, he closed the shutters. Then he accomplished his purpose.

When the family had finished dinner one of them went to Miss Donaldson's room. The intruder had left as silently as he came, and his victim was lying nude and unconscious on her couch. She has been in



IN A FIEND'S CLUTCHES.

a critical condition ever since the assault, and it is feared that she will not recover. Owing to Miss Donaldson's condition no accurate description of her assailant can be obtained, and Detective Peter Murphy, who has the case in charge, is laboring under great difficulties.

Miss Donaldson is about twenty-five years old. She is a member of the Third street M. E. Church, and has long been active in Sunday school work. The neighborhood of the crime has been in a fever heat of indignation all day, and if the villain who perpetrated the

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outrage is found doubtless his dangling body will soon adorn the nearest telegraph pole.

A BOWLING GREEN, KY., OUTRAGE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The city of Bowling Green, Ky., is wild with excitement over the assault on Kate, the sixteen-year-old daughter of C. J. Anderson, who lives at the edge of the city. The other morning Mrs. Anderson left the house to visit a neighbor. Shortly after she was attracted by the cries of her daughter, who ran from the house calling loudly for assistance.

She was almost covered with blood. Her throat was cut and a piece was bitten from her cheek. She also sustained other injuries about the head. After Mrs. Anderson's departure a masked negro entered the house by the back way and attempted to assault the girl. She fought him desperately, and he failed to accomplish his design.

An accurate description of him has been obtained and several posses of citizens have been organized to search for him. If he is caught he will be summarily dealt with. His name is said to be Walter Henderson. Miss Anderson will die.

A BLOODY RIOT IN COURT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A bloody tragedy was recently enacted in Waynesboro, Ga., in the presence of an assembled court. W. P. Jones was on trial for arson and forgery. His prosecutor is Charles McNorrill. The relatives of both men were present in force, well armed and ready to make trouble. The prisoner's father, J. Morgan Jones, in passing McNorrill, knocked against him. The whole party drew their revolvers and a general exchange of bullets was indulged in. McNorrill was shot through the neck; his brother, W. L. McNorrill, was shot through the side, while Jones fell with bullets through his stomach face and neck. All three will die.

SHE DANCED ON HOT POTATOES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Francis McCoy, a respectable, white-haired watchman of 502 First avenue, this city, in the Yorkville Court the other morning had his married daughter, Catharine Stacy, committed for examination as to her sanity. Catharine, it is alleged, at dinner time took a dish of steaming boiled potatoes from the table, poured them out upon the carpet and executed the skirt dance upon the debris.

"Why did you do this, madam?" queried Justice Taintor.

"Well," responded Catharine, a plump, rosy-cheeked, good-looking young woman, "mamma was acting very peculiarly and I had to do something."

THOUGHT THEY WERE BEARS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. William Gwynne, wife of a wealthy resident of Hackensack, N. J., was recently awakened by what at first appeared to her to be two bears crawling into her room. A moment later a man stood at her bedside with a revolver pointed at her. The fellow's companion, a negro, went to ransacking the drawers of the lady's dressing case. Mrs. Gwynne's son, who was sleeping with his mother, waking, frightened the robbers off. The lady's husband had retired to another part of the house. The thieves took a quantity of jewelry with them.

A WIFE'S REVENGE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Charles Bormann, wife of a St. Louis, Mo., detective, recently went to a house on Richmond street, that city, and asked to be shown to the room occupied by a woman named Mabel Evans. The door was opened and Mrs. Bormann pushed her way into the room. There she found her husband. The betrayed wife raised a whip which she carried and struck the Evans woman twice. At this moment the husband sprang between the two women and fought off his wife. The Evans woman was arrested.

SHE WAS GOING TO ELOPE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Elsie Dunn and Frank Reed lived and loved in Beaver county, Pa., but Papa Dunn objected. The other evening the young lady went to Phillipsburg, where she intended to spend the night with a friend and join her lover in the morning. Her father, however, learned of the intended elopement and hurried to where his daughter was, dragged her from bed and took her home. A few nights later the two lovers met, and going to West Virginia were married.

THE PARSON'S WIFE WAS A DAISY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Rev. Henry Turney of Cleveland, O., recently applied for a divorce. He testified that he was married in 1884. His wife gradually lost interest in her home, and finally took a notion that she would shine as a theatrical star. She joined a troupe at Memphis, Tenn., and traveled as a trapeze performer. He visited the theatres on two occasions and there saw his wife "trapezing." The parson got his decree.

DASHING AND DARING ZAO.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We reproduce in the present issue of the POLICE GAZETTE an excellent likeness of the handsome and splendidly formed Zao, whose performances on the wire and daring feats in mid-air are electrifying large audiences at the chief London and English provincial music halls. Zao is a native of London, Eng., and will probably visit the principal American cities in the near future.

TWO CLEVER COMEDIANS.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

Elsewhere we present portraits of John West and Matt Gallagher, two of the cleverest comedians of today. John and Matt are members of Lester and Williams "Me and Jack" Company. They, the "Colonel and I," are the pleasing features of this popular Company. Both gentlemen are well known and much admired, both in this country and Europe.

Richard K. Fox has received a letter from Australia which states that James Stansbury, the champion carman of the world; Thomas Sullivan, champion of New Zealand, and Peter Kemp, will come to America in 1893 if there is to be an international single scull regatta at the World's Fair, Chicago, and the purses will guarantee them. Stansbury will not row for the championship of the world in an open regatta, but he will be prepared to row any man in England or America, for a suitable stake, for the championship, and agree that the POLICE GAZETTE shall be final stakeholder and appoint the referee.

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MRS. JONES' STORY.

THE WIFE OF A WISCONSIN LUMBER MERCHANT CLAIMS THAT DR. LUCAS, OF CHICAGO, WAS TOO FORWARD.



A MISSOURI GIRL MURDERED.

MISS LOUIE NOEL, DAUGHTER OF THE ASSESSOR OF McDONALD COUNTY, SLAIN AND CAST INTO THE RIVER.



A PRETTY WOMAN'S PERIL.

WEALTHY JOSEPH McKIM'S ALLEGED ATTEMPTED ASSAULT UPON MRS. METZGER, OF FAR ROCKAWAY, L. I.



A BOWLING GREEN, KY., OUTRAGE.

A NEGRO BRUTE ATTEMPTS AN ASSAULT UPON THE SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER OF C. J. ANDERSON.

THE BIGGEST PURSE YET.

Judge Newton Signs Jack McAuliffe and Dick Burge.

THEY WILL BATTLE FOR \$45,000

These are the days of big purses. Jack McAuliffe and Dick Burge are now matched to fight before the Coney Island Athletic Club for the largest amount ever offered. Judge Newton said he would give \$45,000 for the battle, and America's greatest light-weight pugilist immediately signed articles.

The negotiations took place at the St. James Hotel, this city, on Dec. 31. McAuliffe was taking supper with Phil Dwyer, the millionaire turfman, when Judge Newton came in and began to talk fight.

"How much do you want in the way of a purse?" Newton asked after a pause.

"As much as I can get," replied the boxer, casting a significant glance at Capt. Frank Williams, who sat close by.

"I'll give \$40,000," exclaimed the Coney Islander. "Will you take that?"

McAuliffe hesitated a minute studying the electric light studded ceiling between the puffs of his cigar. He was undecided, but knew the Judge had not reached his limit.

"I want to get all the money I can, of course," the champion began. "You know it's business and I'm a business man. I'll tell you though, what I'll do," he said, brightening up and looking straight at Newton. "If you'll give \$45,000 I'll sign right away."

"Here are the papers," said the Judge, drawing from his pocket the articles signed by Burge in Boston. In these articles two very important details were left blank, namely, the weight and date. Burge had only stipulated that he would not fight below 133 pounds. McAuliffe read the paper carefully two or three times.

"Now, if you'll put in a clause leaving the whole thing subject to Dick Roche's approval, I'll sign," Jack remarked. "I can't do anything my backer doesn't like."

This request was promptly complied with and McAuliffe kept his word. His secretary, Ed Stoddard, signed as witness.

Judge Newton left the hotel in fine humor. McAuliffe and the Crescent City Club's ambassador popped off in a cab, as they say in London, and were driven to Jerry Mahony's cafe at Fifty-fourth street and Third avenue, where they found Dick Roche.

The latter talked for half an hour with Jack, and they both appeared to have agreed on a plan of action.

After a time Jack became talkative and told his friends just what he expected to do before the fight. In the first place he is going to Maine for a week to get some good air and give his astrakhan overcoat a chance. Then he will spend a month at Hot Springs.

Talking of his experiences at the Arkansas health resort, he said:

"For real fun I'd rather be there than anywhere else."

"I should think it was the last place on this green earth to have fun," put in Roche.

"Oh, you should, eh? Well, you don't know the ropes. Do you know one of my principal reasons for going there?"

There was no answer, and Jack continued:

"I bought a dress suit two years ago and never had a chance to wear it until I went to the Springs. Then I put it on every night. My idea now is to wear it out, for it is no good up North."

The party did not leave until nearly midnight, and Capt. Williams went to his hotel to find out what President Noel thought about raising the Coney Islanders once more.

"This race isn't half over yet. Perhaps Newton and his friends had better not crow too loud," he said, as his cab drove in sight.

Here are the articles, with the date of the contest, the weights, and the winner's and loser's share of the purse left blank:

We, the undersigned, Dick Burge, of England, and Jack McAuliffe, of America, do hereby agree to engage in a glove contest of twenty rounds or more with five (5) ounce gloves, according to Marquis of Queensberry rules, before the Coney Island Athletic Club, at their arena on the — day of —, 1893, at half-past eight P. M.

And the Coney Island Athletic Club hereby agrees to pay to said Burge and McAuliffe for said contest the sum of forty-five thousand dollars (\$45,000), to be divided as follows: To the winner — dollars and to the loser — dollars.

And we each hereby agree to weigh not more than — pounds at — P. M., on the day of the contest at said club house.

And we do hereby further agree that should either of us fail to appear or weigh more than — pounds at the appointed time, we each are to forfeit a sum of — dollars, which said forfeit is to be posted by us with the club at the time of the execution of this agreement.

And the said Coney Island Athletic Club hereby agrees that in case it fails to carry out its part of this agreement to forfeit the sum of — dollars, to be equally divided between said Burge and McAuliffe.

The club is to select the referee and official timekeeper, we each reserving the right to appoint a timekeeper to act for us.

The referee shall have the power at all times to stop the contest when in his judgment the same becomes brutal or when humanity demands it.

Should either of us commit a deliberate foul, thereby injuring the other man's chance of winning, the one so doing shall forfeit and lose all interest and right of, in and to said purse.

Witness—ED STODDARD. JACK MAULIFFE.

CONY ISLAND ATHLETIC CLUB.

By John W. Murphy, President.

It is understood and agreed that unless these articles are agreeable to and ratified by Richard Roche they are to be null and void and of no effect. Dated Dec. 31, 1892.

CONY ISLAND A. C.

A dispatch from New Orleans states that the Crescent Club will not bid any more for the fight.

DUNCAN C. ROSS IN SCOTLAND.

Richard K. Fox has received a letter from Duncan C. Ross, the champion all-round athlete and swordsman, from Glasgow, Scotland. Ross states that since he arrived in Scotland he has agreed to engage in Caledonian sports, wrestling or mounted broadsword contests with anybody, but there is no athlete in Scotland who will wrestle him Scotch style or contend in athletic sports. He is going to return to England and will probably come to America with Charley Mitchell. Ross left New York about two years ago and went to Australia. Since then he has traveled in the West Indies, India and Turkey, and met the champions of various countries, both white and black, and never met with defeat. Ross, on his arrival in America, will challenge Ernest Roeber and Evan Lewis to wrestle for the championship, mixed style of wrestling.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" ROWING TROPHY.

The recent death of Wm. O'Connor, the champion oarsman of America, has left the single-oar championship in abeyance, and any oarsman in Canada or the United States has the privilege of claiming the title and defending the championship against every challenger. Among the leading oarsmen who would have the opportunity to contend for the aquatic premiership are Jake Gaudaur, of Canada; John Turner, of St. Joseph; George H. Hoerner, of Boston, Mass.; Wallace Ross, of Staten Island; Chas. E. Courtney, of Union Springs, N. Y.; Edward Hanlan, of Toronto, and Charles Stevenson, the ex-champion of New Zealand, who is now in Toronto. Turner, Hanlan and Gaudaur have all competed for the single-oar championship during their rowing career and held the title and judging by the present form of these famous adepts with the oar, the question of supremacy would lay between Gaudaur, Hoerner and Stevenson.

In order to decide who is the champion, Richard K. Fox has decided to offer a rowing trophy open to every oarsman in the world to compete for, the trophy to represent the single-oar championship.

The winner of the "Police Gazette" championship trophy will be required to row against all challengers twice a year at least, or oftener if he desires. In all contests the distance must be five miles, either straight away or with a turn, and each winner of the "Police Gazette" championship trophy shall have the privilege of naming the course upon which the race shall be rowed, but he will be compelled to select the course within the boundaries of the United States.

The first race for the trophy is to be rowed in June. No entrance fee is to be charged, and it will be rowed on a course selected by the first oarsman who shall challenge to row for the trophy. Each race for the "Police Gazette" championship trophy shall be for \$250 to \$1,000 a side.

Richard K. Fox has notified Hanlan, Gaudaur, Hoerner, etc.

CHARLEY MITCHELL'S CHALLENGE.

The *Sporting Life*, Dec. 9, publishes the following: "Yesterday (Thursday) afternoon, Mr. George W. Moore called at the *Sporting Life* and deposited a draft for \$300 on behalf of Charley Mitchell (the English boxing champion) to bind a match with James Corbett, the American champion, for \$3,000 a side. The match to be decided in America, and Mr. Richard K. Fox, POLICE GAZETTE, New York, to be final stakeholder. So soon as Corbett posts an equal amount with the POLICE GAZETTE, New York, Mitchell's money will be forwarded to America. Mitchell is thoroughly in earnest in the matter, as may be judged from the subjoined letter, which, after the hearing of the appeal case at the County of London Sessions, he handed to 'Pony,' with a request that it be forwarded to the editor of the *Sporting Life*, together with £500:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'SPORTING LIFE'—Sir: I hereby deposit £500 in your hands to bind a match with Jim Corbett, to fight for the championship of the world and £3,000 a side, the match to be decided in America. Mr. Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, New York, to be final stakeholder. All that Corbett need do is to deposit \$2,500 with the POLICE GAZETTE, New York, to ensure a match. Corbett's talk about 'bluffing' is nonsense. I have never made a bluff in my life. All that I want is a fair field, no favor, and the best man to win. The fact of my offering to go to America to fight Corbett for a large stake testifies that I have every confidence in American sportsmen and their love of fair play. Yours, &c., CHARLEY MITCHELL, English Boxing Champion."

MITCHELL-GREGGAINS AND GIBBONS-MYER.

The following specials were received from President Chas. Dickson, of the Olympic Club, New Orleans:

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 22, 1892.

RICHARD K. FOX—Arrange a match between Peter Harzot, Young Mitchell, and Aleck Greggains to fight in Olympic Club, New Orleans, between April 1 to 3, for a purse of \$10,000.

CHARLES DICKSON.

On the above being received Richard K. Fox wired to San Francisco President Dickson's offer and received the following reply:

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 22.

RICHARD K. FOX—Offer of the Olympic Club suits. Will fight at 166 pounds and weight at the ring side. After articles signed by Greggains reaches here will sign them.

YOUNG MITCHELL.

Greggains was also notified.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 23, 1892.

RICHARD K. FOX—Arrange a match between Austin Gibbons, of Paterson, N. J., and Billy Myer, of the Illinois Cyclone, to fight in the Olympic Club for a purse of \$4,000. Notify both pugilists and wire reply. Will send date later.

CHARLES DICKSON.

FULFORD WINS TWO MATCHES.

The first in the series of five pigeon shooting matches recently arranged between J. A. B. Elliott, of Kansas City, and E. D. Fulford, of Harrisburg, Pa., for the championship of America, was decided at Kansas City on Dec. 17. The contest was won by Fulford by a score of 96 to 85. The score at the end of the first half of the match, which was at 100 birds, was: Fulford, 41; Elliott, 40, and the friends of the Kansas City man had hoped that he would pass the Easterner, but he could not do it.

At Indianapolis, Ind., on Dec. 19, Elliott and Fulford shot their second match. Fulford won. He scored 96 out of 100 birds. Elliott scored 85. There were very few hard shots. The birds were not strong flyers. They had been brought from Kansas City, cooped up for two or three days, and were soft when the trap was sprung. They were generally killed before they had flown more than 10 or 15 feet away.

With two exceptions Elliott brought down all his birds with his first barrel and seldom used the second barrel at all.

THE FIGHTING WAS TOO HOT.

At Bridgeport, on Dec. 21, in the presence of eight hundred spectators, Eugene Hornbaker, of New York, fought Danny Russell, of Bridgeport, before the Park City Athletic Club for a purse of \$500. Hornbaker weighed in at 117 pounds, Russell at 140. Russell forced the fighting and in two rounds had Hornbaker's face beaten to a pulp. Chief Rylands was about to stop the fight when Hornbaker threw down the gloves and said, "I fight as a feather-weight; Russell is a light-weight." The fight was so bitter that the police have announced that they will stop the sport in the city.

THE FRENCHMAN BEATS SCHAEFER.

The international billiard match between Jake Schaefer, of New York, and Jules Vignaux, of Paris, ended on Dec. 21, in the Cirque d'Ete, Paris. The game was back line, 1,300 points, for \$2,500. Vignaux won by a score of 1,300 to 982. Each had thirty-two innings and high averages prevailed.

Schaefer was unlucky. He generously acknowledged his defeat.

Vignaux's highest runs were 136, 128 and 127, and Schaefer's were 127, 99 and 88.

HALL IS BIGGER THAN FITZ.

It is settled that Hall and Fitzsimmons will fight in April in the Crescent Club. Hall is big enough to fight for the heavy-weight championship. He is a taller man than Fitzsimmons, stripes bigger, and no one to look at the two would pick Fitzsimmons for the winner, if appearances were to decide the mooted question. Hall is just as clever as any boxer ever seen, with the exception of Jim Mace, Charley Mitchell and Jim Corbett. The meeting between these boxers, however, will result in one of the greatest battles ever fought during the past twenty years.

QUINCY WON THE MAIN.

At Randolph, Mass., on Dec. 18, one of the best cocking mains that has taken place in that section for a long time came off in a secluded locality. The birds were from Quincy and Brockton, and the articles called for six battles at \$20 a side and a purse of \$50 on the main. Quincy was declared the winner of the main by four battles to two. There were present a large number of sporting men from Quincy, Brockton, Milton and Randolph, many coming in hacks and barouches from Boston.

A match was arranged at the "Police Gazette" office Dec. 23, between Jack Cullen, of Long Island City, and Bob Kerland, of Greenpoint, L. I. Articles of agreement were signed for the men to box with gloves according to "Police Gazette" rules, at 154 pounds, \$250 a side, and a purse of \$300. Nick Walsh, of Greenpoint, is backing Cullen, and Billy Graham, the sporting boniface of Greenpoint, is backing Kerland. The contest is to be decided the first week in January in private. Cullen is the heavy-weight of Long Island City and has fought several times in the magic circle. Kerland is a novice, but in rough-and-tumble scrimmages he has proved he's a stayer.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE ONLY AUTHORIZED AGENTS FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE STANDARD BOXING GLOVES: Pittsburgh, Pa.: W. S. Brown, 420 and 422 Wood St. Columbus, O.: C. H. Kampman, 223 South High St. Dayton, O.: James Dudge, 11 South Main St. Cincinnati, O.: J. K. Hawley, 164 Vine St. St. Louis, Mo.: Sawlings Bros., 617 Pine St. Milwaukee, Wis.: H. H. West Co., 337 and 340 E. Water St.

SPORTING NEWS AND NOTES.

NEWSDEALERS, ATTENTION!

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ST. LOUIS—THE E. T. JETT BOOK & NEWS CO., 806 Olive Street.

The California Club lost money on the Dawson and O'Connell fight, as the attendance was very light.

Mike Sullivan, who pitched several games for the Giants early in the season, has entered the Boston University Law School.

The term in jail of Charles Mitchell, the English pugilist, will expire on Feb. 12, and he will start for America the next day.

Jack Miles, the Washington Spider, of the Clipper A. C., is anxious to meet the Louisville Unknown to a finish before any club.

Lew Brown, the sporting boniface of Tammany Hall, Newark, will have a grand athletic entertainment at his resort on Dec. 31.

Mike Hughes, of the Nonpareil Athletic Club, of New York, wants to arrange a match with Dick Burge, the English middle-weight.

Wm. O. B. Macdonough, the millionaire turfman of California, has engaged the light-weight jockey, C. Weber, to ride for his stable.

Tommy Warren, feather-weight champion, was on Dec. 10 sentenced to six years in the Pen at Waco, Texas, for killing a negro porter on Oct. 8.

During his thirty days stay at the Stockton track Stamboul trotted seven fast miles, as follows: 2:10 1/4, 2:08 1/4, 2:08, 2:10 1/4, 2:08 1/4, 2:08 1/4, 2:07 1/4.

Martha Wilkes, 2:08; Sunol, 2:08 1/4; Maud S., 2:08 1/4; and Belle Varo, 2:08 1/4, will take a shy at Nancy Hanks's champion record of 2:04 next season.

Gus Brown, the boxer, writes to the "Police Gazette" that he was never in Denver, Col., and that Johnny Van Heest never defeated him in that city.

The billiard tournament to decide the amateur championship of Bayonne has been concluded. The winner was H. D. Bodine, who won 14 games and lost none.

Frank Steele, of Boston, who is matched to box Mike Leonard 9 rounds some time this month, has challenged any 154-pound man in America to fight to a finish.

Harry Hamburg, the skater, has an ice rink at Glens Falls, and in January will have a one, two and five-mile race for the championship of America for cash prizes.

Prof. Jack Cavanagh, of 912 E street northwest, Washington, D. C., writes that he wants to match Billy Young, of that city, with Ike Weir for a purse and \$500 a side.

John Sullivan, who was defeated by Eddie Conley at Providence several months ago, is matched to fight Wiley Evans, the colored middle-weight, at Cincinnati, Jan. 6.

P. J. Fitzsimmons writes to the "Police Gazette" from Washington, Ind., that he would like to meet any middle-weight for the largest purse offered and a side bet of \$500 or \$1,000 a side.

Dave Laville, the light-weight pugilist, who was sent to the Columbus State Prison for causing the death of Arthur Majesty in a prize fight at Athens, O., was released recently.

Paddy Gorman, the Australian welter-weight, and Pat Cahill, the amateur champion middle-weight, will in all probability be matched to box eight rounds with 5-ounce gloves.

Billy Dubois is training Walter Halligan for his fight with Frank Conley, at McMahon's Hotel, Parkville. An effort is being made to have the affair take place at Coney Island.

The Crescent City Club will try to get the Corbett-Mitchell fight for the same week that they have Hall and Fitzsimmons and Burge and McAuliffe. The Club will offer a purse of \$50,000 for the match.

Johnny Murphy, who was matched to fight Billy Murphy, of Australia, at the Olympic Club, New Orleans, next March, has sent word to the officials of the club that he cannot go on with the match, as he is sick.

A prominent sporting man of Bridgeport writes that he has an unknown that he will match against Billy Frazer at 130 pounds for \$500 a side and a purse of the same amount. As soon as Frazer posts a forfeit it will be covered.

Homer Lane, the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler in the sixties, is up for a benefit at Clarendon Hall, East Thirtieth street, New York, on Jan. 2. There will be a host of boxers and wrestlers and a first-class show.

Mike Lucie, late of Philadelphia, now of Troy, N. Y., is willing to fight George La Blanche, the Marine, at 154 pounds. If the latter won't meet him, Lucie will fight any middle-weight in the world, barring Bob Fitzsimmons.

W. A. James writes to the "Police Gazette" that there is an unknown in Hampton, Va., who is ready to meet any heavy-weight for a purse. He weighs 195 pounds and is strong and active. James does not, however, offer to back him.

Romeo Sullivan, of Bangor, Me., known as the Bangor Ghost, who has won some notoriety on the sawdust track, proposes to start some day this week with a wheelbarrow for Dover, N. H., as the result of a wager that he cannot cover the distance in 10 days.

Edwin Hedley, crack amateur sculler, has resigned from the Yepper Boat Club and is likely to represent one of the big New York athletic clubs next year. It looks like another case of buying up winning athletes, for which the New York clubs are already famous.

Manager Harris, of the Pacific Athletic Club, of San Francisco, has matched Harry Jones, of Portland, and Dave Reese, of Montana, to fight in January for a purse of \$1,000. The men will weigh in at 125 pounds. The winner will be matched to fight champion Johnny Griffin.

Among the passengers on the steamer Empress of India, which arrived at Vancouver, B. C., from China, Dec. 30 were T. G. Allen and W. L. Sachtleben, two young Americans who are going around the world on bicycles. They started from New York in June, 1890, and traveled through England, Europe, Asia and Japan.

The Prince of Wales' new yacht, now under construction by Watson, which will be the largest vessel of the cutter type afloat, may come to this country to compete for the America's cup against the Valkyrie, which is to be built for Lord Dufferin, and the numerous American yachts which are expected to make bids for the prize.

At Pittsburgh, on Dec. 23, the third pigeon shooting contest between Fulford and Elliott, for the world's championship, took place and was won by Elliott by the score of 93 to 90. About 400 people witnessed the match. The score follows: Elliott—Total killed, 93. Fulford—Total killed, 90. Fulford won the first and second shoots.

James McCabe will manage Jim Corbett's Road House on Jerome avenue, New York, formerly Thompson's. McCabe has rented the place, and under his management it

will be one of the most popular resorts on the road. McCabe is well known in sporting circles and has been connected with all branches of sport for two decades, and he has a legion of friends.

Hagan and McCormick, the champion and ex-champion skaters of the world, met in a three mile contest at the Normania Club rink, Minneapolis, December 20. The race was started at eight o'clock before three thousand people. The track was four and a half laps to the mile. Hagan won the match easily by forty feet in 9 minutes, 45 seconds. The race was for a purse of \$1,000.

Joe Goddard, the Barrier champion, likes America so well that he intends to become a citizen. He has, however, become possessed of the same idea that a lot many good fighters possess. He believes he can make a fortune in the saloon business in San Francisco or New York, but the fate of others in his profession should be a warning to him to invest his money in some other business.

Joe Wilson of Leicester, and Frank Howson of Sheffield, are to contest twenty rounds, with 4 ounce gloves, at £100, at Sheffield, on Feb. 27. Wilson to be confined to 10 stone, and Howson to be catch-weight. There has been a slight alteration made regarding the time of staking the second deposit of £50, which has already been lodged with the stakeholder, making £25 a side now staked.

Peter Jackson met with a first-class reception in San Francisco, where he exhibited at the California Theatre on Dec. 14 to 19, under the able management of Parson Charles E. Davies. The latter will manage Evan Lewis, the Strangler, in his wrestling match with Ernest Roeber, the "Police Gazette" champion wrestler, for a purse of \$2,000 offered by the Olympic Club of New Orleans, on March 1.

Capt. Frank Williams, the popular matchmaker of the Crescent Athletic Club, on Dec. 23 arranged a match between Billy Myer, the Illinois Cyclone, and Austin Gibbons. This contest will be for a purse of \$5,000, and will take place during the Crescent City Club's fete carnival in April. Captain Williams expects to sign Myer in Chicago on his way South. The weight the men will fight at and the loser's and winner's share of the purse will be decided on later.

Steve Brodie called at the "Police Gazette" office and left the following:

NEW YORK, Dec. 22, 1892.

RICHARD K. FOX—Enclosed find \$100 as a deposit to match Elie Peckham against Austin Gibbons for \$500 a side and the biggest purse that the Coney Island Club will offer. Hoping to have a speedy reply from Mr. Gibbons, I remain, respectfully yours,

STEVE BRODIE.

P. S.—Neither man to weigh above 140 pounds.

On Dec. 19 a select number of sports assembled in this city to witness a mill between Sam Lawrence, of Brooklyn, and Joe Walsh, of New York. It was to a finish for a purse of \$100. Lawrence was seconded by Eddie Pierce, while Charles White, of the Clinton A. C., looked out for Walsh's interests. The referee was Charles Ahern. The men weighed in at 135 pounds. The battle was pretty even up to the sixth round when Lawrence, by a left-hand swing, sent his opponent into dreamland.

Before the Newport Athletic Club, of Newport, Ky., Mike Norton, of Cincinnati, met Abe Lloyd, of Terra Haute, Ind., the other night in a glove contest for a purse of \$500. Charles Gensinger, ex-president of the New Orleans Olympic Club, was the timekeeper for Lloyd, and among Lloyd's seconds was Billy Myer, the Stretcher Cyclone. Lloyd's fighting was tame. Norton fought gamely for 25 rounds with both hands broken. At the end of the 44th round, after 14 rounds had passed without a blow, the fight was declared off.

Corporal A. G. Todd did some wonderful rifle shooting in the Seventh Regiment Armory, New York, Dec. 17. Each man had seven shots standing and seven prone. Ten prizes were awarded. Corp. Todd, Company G, did the best work and secured 67 points. Scores:

200 yds. 500 yds. 700 yds. 1000 yds.

Corp. A. G. Todd, Co. G..... 33 34 47

Corp. W. M. Halstead, Co. B..... 31 35 66

Corp. W. H. Palmer, staff..... 32 33 65

Private W. D. Lancaster, Co. H..... 31 34 65

Corp. C. H. Caldwell, Co. F..... 32 33 65

Frank Burge, the well-known wrestler, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office last week with his backer, Henry E. Sanders, to state that he would accept the challenge of Angelo Napoli, who recently offered to wrestle any middle-weight in New York for \$250 a side. Bund stated he would meet the Italian champion at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Dec. 28, to arrange a match for \$250 or \$500 a side. The conditions to be Gréco-Roman, best three in five falls, Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder, and the match to be decided in four weeks from signing articles.

The heavy-weight fight between Jimmy Doherty and John Cattanach, which was to have taken place at the Metropole Club, Providence, R. I., on Dec. 31, has been declared off. Chief of Police Child said that he saw the contest referred to in a newspaper as a prize fight for \$1,000, and as there is an ordinance against prize fighting he had notified Manager Smith of the club, that he would take steps to prevent the fight within the city limits. Mr. Smith pleaded that it was a glove contest, but the Chief was inflexible and consequently Manager Smith was compelled to declare the match off, for the present at least.

The California Athletic Club's Directors are at loggerheads with their President, Hiram Cook, and it is on the card that L. R. Fulda will be asked to take hold of the reins again. Cook has neglected the club entirely for months past, and as the outlook for good matches in San Francisco is promising, some guiding hand is needed in the far-famed institution. The club directors feel a bit chagrined at Dawson giving his next fight to New Orleans, and it is intimated, if there is any failure to keep the contract on the part of the Olympic Club, that big inducements will be offered to Dawson to fight in California.

At the Brooklyn Boxing Club, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Dec. 19, about 500 spectators assembled to witness a glove contest between Jack Sheehan,

BIG PURSES AND BIG HEADS.

Foreign Pugilists Want the Earth these Halcyon Days.

PLENTY TALK, LITTLE FIGHT.

The large purses the various athletic clubs have been offering to the English boxers to show their ability and to compete against American and Irish-American pugilists, have given the Englishmen an idea that if they have won a competition in the Blue Anchor in Shoreditch or defeated Brighton Bob in the Seven Dials, or once fought in the National Club, that they should be looked upon as a Jim Mac or a Tom Sayers, and receive just as large an amount for losing a contest, as well as having their expenses defrayed, as John G. Heenan, Jim Mac and genuine champions. Recently the Coney Island Athletic Club offered a purse of \$5,000 for Johnny Griffin of Braintree, Mass., and Bill Baxter of England, to fight for, and agreed to allow Baxter \$250 for expenses to come to America. Baxter is not by any means a wonderful pugilist. He has never demonstrated that he is any better pugilist than Nunc Wallace, Fred Johnson and others within a few pounds of his class. Bill Reader, in the only important contest he ever figured in, defeated him in sixteen rounds. Baxter agreed to come to America and meet Griffin at the terms proposed and asked that the date of the contest be fixed for February. No sooner had the management of the Coney Island Athletic Club agreed to the change than Baxter took a stroll through the Strand and he met some one who recently came from America, who told of the large amounts that the clubs offered to boxers. Baxter began to ponder, and jumping on an omnibus went back to Fleet street and had George W. Atkinson cable to Richard K. Fox that he would not go to America unless the Coney Island Club allowed him \$500 for expenses, and agreed that \$1,000 of the purse should go to the loser. Judge Newton promptly wired Richard K. Fox to cable Baxter he need not come over; that the club did not want boxers who were looking for the losing end of the purse.

It is very foolish for clubs to make any provision for pugilists who lose in contests. The loser's share should be done away with and the winner should be given the whole of the purse. Baxter was evidently afraid of Griffin and that is why he raised the ante on the Coney Island Athletic Club.

It does not appear likely that Dick Burge, the light-weight champion of England, will combine his trip to this country with profit unless Jack McAuliffe agrees to meet him in the arena or Burge decides to fight some other light-weight. Burge is no doubt at the head of his class in England, just as McAuliffe is at the head of the light-weight pugilistic division in America. Burge has not been in the fighting business as long as McAuliffe, neither has he traveled so fast as the American in many ways. The English champion made his first reputation by defeating Jimmy Carney, of Birmingham, England, the same Carney who was in this country in 1887 and fought Jack McAuliffe a draw in Boston, Mass. It is over five years ago since Carney and McAuliffe fought and the latter has not improved since then or grown younger. Burge is a strong, muscular light weight, who takes the best of care of himself, and lives abstemiously in order that he will be prepared to fight when called upon to do so. Should the English champion and McAuliffe be matched to fight, those who speculate would have to look before they leap and not allow sympathy and patriotism to lead them to bet their money blindly, for the contest might result in a victory for the champion of this country if he trained or it might prove his downfall if he did not train. McAuliffe, in condition, is the greatest light-weight that ever fought in this country with gloves and should be able to defeat any man in the world. But he cannot defeat any first-class man if he is not in condition. Burge is no doubt as near first-class as possible, although I do not base my opinion on his defeat of Jimmy Carney, because the ex-champion must have been stiff and stale when he fought Burge, for it is decades since he killed Jimmy Highland in the prize ring.

It is my idea that something can be told of the future of trotting from the past. In 1886 Flora Temple trotted a mile in 2:15½, which was regarded as an incredible performance. About a dozen years later Ethan Allen trotted a mile (with running mate) in about 6 seconds less time, and every one said that the limit of speed was nearly reached, but in 1891, only thirteen years later, Sunol trotted a mile in 2:08½. Thirty years ago there was scarcely a dozen horses that could trot a mile in less than 2:30; now there are nearly 5,000. It does not seem reasonable that this progress will come to a sudden stop. Perhaps the fastest horses of to-day have reached their mark, but will their progeny do no better? Scientific training can accomplish much, but scientific breeding can do vastly more. Indeed, there seems to be no limit to what it can accomplish. It is true that the time is diminished in ratio, but it is no harder to lessen the time in the next fifty years from 2:08½ to 2:00 than to diminish it from 2:40 to 2:08½, as was done in the last fifty years; and then, our knowledge of the science of breeding and training increases in a ratio nearly as great. In breeding carefully for an ideal animal, that ideal can usually be obtained; and last season yearlings were driven quarter miles in 61½ seconds—a 2:04 clip. Does that not look as if we were still advancing rapidly? Some tracks are several seconds faster than others, and modern engineering has and will accomplish a great deal in this direction. Differently shaped tracks are being made, each time to increase the speed, and soon the ideal track—a mile straightaway—will be used, and which will add greatly to the speed. Scientific feeding and training, and above all the art of driving, will do much to increase the speed, and in this knowledge we are gaining rapidly.

Every one interested in the prize ring will be patiently awaiting Charley Mitchell's arrival in America, to see if he will carry out his time and again avowed intention of meeting Jim Corbett. On Mitchell's arrival a larger purse than ever was fought for, either with gloves or without them, will be offered for Corbett and the Englishman. The English champion, for this is the title he will assume when he comes to America, this time, will insist on Corbett fighting, but if he refuses Mitchell will have no redress, except that the sporting public will become chilled at Corbett's action. I think Corbett will cover any deposit Mitchell posts with the POLICE GAZETTE to bind a match, for he feels certain that he can defeat Mitchell in spite of the fact that the British champion fought a draw with John L. Sullivan according to prize ring rules for \$5,000, in France.

A match between Mitchell and Corbett would create a furor in both hemispheres, and thousands of dollars would be wagered on the result, with Corbett the favorite. Mitchell would of course have plenty of supporters, and if his hands would stand he would have a first-class outside chance to win, although he will find in Corbett the quickest and most scientific big man that ever donned a glove since Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, was a candidate for the championship of the world.

Joe Choyanski has got to San Francisco, and there is little prospect of his arranging a match with either Peter Maher or Joe Gaddard. Choyanski might have an even chance of defeating Peter Maher. Many outside of Peter Maher's own countrymen, who still swear by him, place little confidence in the Irish champion's fighting ability. They know, however, that he is a tremendous hitter. In my opinion Maher is a boxer who will not pay strict attention to training, and likes celebrating the wedding of Balthazar. If he would live abstemiously and train he could defeat more boxers than would defeat him. Maher's failure, in his last two contests, was the result of two things. He met his superiors in the prize ring in Fitzsimmons and Gaddard and he failed to train.

The failure of the proposed match between Jimmy Griffin and Bill Baxter spoils the Braintree feather-weight's chances of adding \$4,800 to his bank account. It will be difficult for the Coney Island Athletic Club to secure another man to

meet Griffin, who has his armor buckled on and is eager for the fray. There are no prospects of George Dixon meeting Griffin, owing to the high over fighting weights, Dixon being ready to battle at 115 pounds, while Griffin refuses to fight the colored phenomenon unless he will battle at 125 pounds. Billy Murphy, who fought several battles for the "Police Gazette" feather-weight belt, may probably fight Griffin, as his match with Johnny Murphy has been cancelled.

One would suppose to hear so much talk about Ormonde that this famous stallion was the greatest race horse in the world. Probably this is owing to the fact that he brought \$150,000 and came from England. Ormonde has been a great race horse, but in my opinion, there has been just as speedy horses in America as Ormonde. Tremont, who in 1886 first started as a two-year-old, ran in thirteen races and was never beaten. He won nearly \$50,000 that year and has been doing stud duty ever since. And then there was the lovely Hanover, who placed seventeen straight victories to his credit before he gave in to the greatest task ever asked of a two-year-old. Luke Blackburn is another great horse with a glorious record—23 victories out of 24 races. It does seem as if the claims of the three horses named were worthy of consideration ere the Duke of Westminster's pet, Ormonde, is crowned King of the Turf.

The earning capacity of trotters and pacers does not begin to compare with that of the runners. Nancy Hanks, 3:04, was the great money-making harness performer of 1892. She did not start in a single race with other horses, but her exhibition trials against the watch were so successful and so well managed that they amounted to about \$33,000. Nightingale, 2:18½, by Osgood's Patchen, was the biggest winning trotter in races last season, having earned \$15,500. The pacer Guy, 2:08½, beat that nearly \$1,000, his winnings footing up \$16,250. Happy Medium was the leading trotting sire of 1892, 27 of his get winning \$44,487. Nancy Hanks, with \$33,000, of course heads the list. Guy Wilkes is second, 17 of his get winning \$32,655. Muta Wilkes leading with \$14,925. Fourteen of Director's get won \$29,590, Director heading the list with \$12,657. Anyone had 25 winners on the turf in 1892, their winnings footing up \$29,000. Martha Wilkes being first with \$12,300. Thirty of Electioneer's get, headed by Bellflower with \$8,315, won \$19,718; and Wilton's 17 representatives captured \$19,689, the great filly Silcon, with the champion 2-year-old race record of 2:16½, heading the list with \$12,270.

REFEREE.

ROW AT A PRIZE FIGHT.

A slashing mill and a free fight occurred at Silver Grove, Ky. recently. The principals were Billy Sifer, of Columbia, and Frank Smith, of West End. They fought according to "Police Gazette" rules for a purse.

Smith all but knocked Sifer out the first punch. He landed a swinging right-hander on Sifer's jaw and the latter's head hit the floor with a resounding smack. Sifer gamely struggled to his feet, got to a clinch, and the men rolled over the floor in each other's embrace. It was a hard matter to separate them, and while they were struggling one of Smith's seconds assaulted a spectator, and a general row followed.

Two or three outsiders jumped in and there were three or four broken heads before order was partially restored. Finally hostilities were renewed in the ring. Sifer forced the pace in the second round. He knocked Smith down with a blow that opened a big gash in his forehead. All this time the spectators were wildly shrieking and cursing, and two or three fights were in progress outside the ropes. Smith wanted to quit after the second round, but his seconds would not let him. "Go on up and fight, you dirty cur," yelled one of the men in his corner. "No, nix, I'm no d-d fool. I know when I've got enough," was Smith's reply.

"Go on, you sucker, it's a set up, you can't lose," insisted one of the men in Sifer's corner, as he grabbed him by the arm and tried to pull him up just as time was called. Smith resisted, and would not get off his chair. Sifer came bounding from his corner, eager to renew the fray. He kept right on over to Smith's chair, and when the latter made no move to get up, he hit him a swinging right-hander on the neck. Smith struggled to his feet, grabbed Sifer around the neck and yelled lustily "Cheese! Cheese! That's enough, I'll give it up."

Sifer broke away and the referee managed to make himself heard in the pandemonium which reigned. He awarded the fight to Sifer, and there was a grand scramble to reach the one exit. Most of them reached it at the same time and there was a great jam at the top of the stairway. At this juncture a big six-footer, with a whisky nose that looked like a third alarm, jumped on one of the chairs in the ring and yelled in stentorian tones: "Here, you guys; don't be in such a rush to take a sneak just throw in a little stuff, and there's two young fellas here who will give you another scrap." Most of the gang had seen all of it that they cared about and were anxious to reach terra firma. They stood not on the order of their going, but got away as quickly as they could.

THE PRESS CLUB ATHLETIC CARNIVAL.

The Press Club Athletic Carnival was a successful affair. One of the sensations was the spirited boxing encounter between Mike Donovan and Dominick McCaffrey, and there was considerable speculation as to whether the ill-feeling that was developed would result in a match. There has been bad blood between the two men for some time past, and the rivalry between the two clubs of which they are the boxing instructors has not tended to decrease the antagonism. Each was suspicious of the other when they entered the ring, and each was determined if possible to get the advantage of the other. Donovan had much the best of the first round, and that seemed to nettie McCaffrey.

While the men were in the corners, waiting for time to be called for the second round, Sam Cornell, ex-captain of the Manhattan A. C., walked past the corner where McCaffrey sat and whispered something to the boxer. At the same time Denny Butler, Donovan's brother-in-law, whispered to the veteran:

"Look out, Mike; he's going to try and 'do' you."

"I'm on to him," was Mike's reply.

In the second round McCaffrey made some ugly right-hand swings, which Donovan avoided. One of them he stopped with his elbow, and as a result has a lame arm. Donovan also had the best of the second round, and did not get any of the worst of the third. At the close of that round McCaffrey walked toward Donovan and asked:

"What's the matter of you, anyway?"

"I saw you were trying to lay me out," was Mike's reply.

"You were trying to take the advantage of me," said Dom.

"Well, let's have another round on the level," said the veteran.

"All right," said Dom, and they put up their hands and were preparing for lively work when Fred Burns and Denny Butler rushed between them.

STAMBOUL BRINGS ONLY \$41,000.

The king of trotting stallions, Stamboul, the holder of three world's trotting records, was sold in New York at auction on Dec. 29 to E. H. Harriman of Orange County, N. Y., for \$41,000, \$9,000 less than W. S. Hobart, his previous owner, paid for him.

Stamboul has fairly trotted in 2:07½, but, for some unknown reason the Trotting Register Association discredits this record. It is known that the horse was timed when he made this record by reputable Californians. This had a great deal to do with the low figure for which he was sold. W. S. Hobart paid \$50,000 for the horse a few years ago.

A. J. Welch made the first bid of \$20,000. The price was soon run up to \$41,000, at which figure E. H. Harriman secured him. Mr. Harriman is a prominent Wall street man and owner of a stock farm in Orange county, N. Y. He is a great admirer of spaniels.

After the horse was knocked down, J. H. Cross, Manager of the Hobart estate, offered Mr. Harriman \$2,500 for his bargain. A little later Senator Keyes of New Jersey, received a telegram from C. H. Nix of California, authorizing him to bid \$50,000 for the stallion.

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RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

C. L. Shreveport, La.—No.
Z. Y., Springfield, O.—B losses.
H. H. Stroudsburg, Pa.—Yes.
P. R., Fort Morgan, Col.—No.
J. M. F., Whitcomb, Wash.—No.
W. H. McEl, Thurber, Tex.—Yes.
B. C., New Haven, Conn.—A wins.
READER, Brooklyn, N. Y.—C wins.
J. M., New York—Send on a forfeit.
J. G. S., Malone, N. Y.—The bet is off.
H. W., Portland, Ore.—Thanks for letter.
R. A. B., Cheyenne, Wyo.—Low went out first.
G. L., Hartford, Conn.—We have not the space.
C. VAN B., Chicago—Sullivan challenged Corbett.
J. R., Ashland, Mo.—Corbett weighed 175 pounds.
B. W., Orden, Utah—Let us hear from you often.
J. H. B., Pittsburg, Pa.—Harrison carried that State.
J. C. C., Hudson, N. Y.—115 Nassau street, New York.
W. J., Potville, Pa.—We have not Carl Aha's address.
G. B. S., —Will use photo when opportunity offers.
E. D. and W. H., Stapleton, S. L.—A must show his hand.
W. H. R., McAlester, I. T.—The stakes must be withdrawn.
W. F. & Co., Toledo, Ohio.—C can either follow suit or trump.
S. W., Peoria, Ill.—Billy Myer was born in Streator, Ill., in 1850.

P. H. and A. H. S., Ovid, N. Y.—The bet is a draw as neither won.

S. C. S., Oneida, N. Y.—The party who bet on Harrison wins.

B. K., Soldiers' National Home, Va.—It is said his name is Kelly.

L. R., Ogden, Utah—We do not keep a registry of births and deaths.

J. J. E., Cooperstown, N. Y.—He claimed he weighed 175 pounds.

J. J. W., Belleville, N. J.—We do not know the premium on old coins.

J. J. C., Vancouver, B. C.—We have no record of such a wager being made.

W. H. P., Buffalo, N. Y.—The date of the Johnstown flood is May 31, 1889.

J. W. P., Greenpoint, L. I.—A could not order his partner to take up the tramp.

READER, New York.—The letters refer to the Kennel, chronology and pedigree.

M. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—Joe Goddard informs us that he was never defeated.

J. J. W., New York.—Slade was beaten when the police stopped the contest.

G. W., Syracuse, N. Y.—50th street, Ship "Minnesota," or Brooklyn Navy Yard.

M. R., Rumsey, Montana.—You will have to await the result of the official canvass.

P. McC., New York.—It is customary to deposit a forfeit when you issue a challenge.

E. W. B., Bradford, Pa.—We do not keep records of proceedings in the U. S. Senate.

J. F., Quincy, Ill.—He votes for the Republican electors which means voting for Harrison.

P. V., Niagara Falls, N. Y.—Costello did not win or lose, consequently the bet is a draw.

SUBSCRIBER, Verona, Pa.—1. Yes. 2. Fitzsimmons claimed he allowed Jim Hall to win.

J. J. B., West Superior, Wis.—Your question is not explicit enough. What do you mean?

R. U. B., Vassar, Mich.—Charley Mitchell was born in Birmingham, Eng., on Nov. 24, 1861.

T. C., Santa Fe, N. M.—1. C wins. 2. Jack Dempsey was born in the County of Kildare, Ireland.

J. J. M., Dunkirk, N. Y.—1. Yes. 2. Send 50 cents for "The Life and Battles of Jim Corbett."

T. W., Paterson, N. J.—Francis Ubassey, the French billiard player, came to this country in 1874.

F. G., Stamford, Ct.—1. Joe Choyanski was born in San Francisco. 2. His parents are Hebrews.

B. F. L., Council Bluffs, Ia.—Certainly; if it was explained beforehand straight do not count.

H. L. O., Sandy Hook, N. J.—The stakeholder must settle the question upon which the bet is pending.

W. H. M., Jr., Macon, Mo.—He weighed, it was claimed, 210 pounds, but he probably weighed more.

C. G., Concord Junction.—1. Sullivan's arm was only broken in his battle with Patsy Cardiff. 2. No.

U. S. G., Norfolk, Va.—We never heard of the game. Send 25 cents for "The Police Gazette Card Player."

H. H., San Francisco, Cal.—Fred J. Archer, the English jockey, died Nov. 8, 1889, from pistol bullets fired by himself.

"CLUB," Astoria, L. I.—Send 25 cents for "The Life and Battles of John L. Sullivan" to this office, it contains full particulars.

DONKEY.—1. The middle-weight limit is 154 pounds. 2. Jack Dempsey weighed 147 and Bob Fitzsimmons 150½ pounds.

J. L. C., Altoona, Pa.—Corbett and Sullivan fought according to Queensberry rules when they fought in New Orleans, La.

J. W., New York City.—1. Tom Iyer never fought in the prize ring after he defeated James (Yankee) Sullivan on Feb. 7, 1892.

J. W., Danville, Kan.—1. No. 2. Send 50 cents for "The American Athlete." 3. Harry H. Bethune is conceded to be the fastest.

ADMIERER Montreal, Can.—A letter addressed to this office care of J. Smith, Henry Burlesque Co., will reach the party you refer to.

T. D. L., New York.—If a forced the second ball from the table it was a scratch. If he put both balls in the pocket they counted.

J. R., Pueblo, Col.—1. Burge won on a foul when he fought Jimmy Carney. 2. There was a dispute over weight and time of fighting.

B. E., Fitchers Point, La.—No one can decide your query unless by practical experience or a contest in which the men weigh before and after.

B. S., New York.—You probably refer to a fighting bag which is used for pugilists to punch when training. If so they vary in weight.

J. W. E., Haverhill, Mass.—Send 50 cents to this office and we will mail you two books containing Jim Corbett's and Charley Mitchell's records.

W. F. S., Harlem, N. Y.—Stamboul, and not Kremlin, is the trotting stallion king and he holds the best record for stallions, 2 minutes 7½ seconds.

HARPER Rockaway, N. J.—If you state at what distance we will answer you. There are a dozen pedestrians holding records at numerous distances.

L. C. J., Hays City, Kan.—John C. Heenan did not defeat Tom Sayers. The battle ended in a wrangle, and the referee declared the fight a draw.

S. J., Boston, Mass.—1. No. 2. Steve Maxwell has trotted two miles in 4 minutes 4½ seconds. He accomplished the feat on the Rochester, N. Y. race track.

G. W. A., West Covington, Ky.—Jack Dempsey weighed 147 pounds and Bob Fitzsimmons 150½ pounds when they fought in the Olympic Club, New Orleans, La.

J. H. B., Quincy, Ill.—A master of ceremonies is a person who introduces performers at an athletic show and manages the performance on the stage or in the arena.

S. W. and P. H., Louisville, Ky.—1. A wins. 2. Sixes, fives, fours, threes and twos beat aces in throwing poker dice. 3. Send \$1.50 and we will send you a book on the subject.

S. J., Easton, Pa.—1. Charley Mitchell's fighting weight is about 160 pounds. 2. He weighed 175 pounds. 3. At the time he fought John L. Sullivan in France he weighed 160 pounds.

T. E., Cleveland, Ohio.—1. We publish "The Life and Battles of John L. Sullivan," which will be mailed you on receipt of 25 cents. It contains all his battles. 2. We cannot give such an opinion.

F. B. W., East St. Louis, Ill.—The Brooklyn Handicap was won by Judge Morrow, with A. Covington up. Posars was second, with Fred Tatal up. Russell was third, with Littlefield in the saddle.

READER, Ladington, Mich.—Send 25 cents to this office and we will mail you "The Life and Battles of John L. Sullivan." We have not the space to devote to re-publish every contest Sullivan engaged in.

S. W. J., Portsmouth, N. H.—1. Joe Goddard weighed 157 pounds when he fought Peter Maher. 2. The Fox bicycle is pronounced to be the most durable and speediest manufactured, both for racing and road purposes.

M. W. S., Selma, Ala.—Green River, the trotting stallion, died at Stargis, Mich., on July 28, 1892. He was owned by Robert Dixon, of Henderson, Ky., and valued at \$25,000. He was by Princeps, and had a record of 2:33½.

M. J. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. No. 2. Sullivan won the championship of the world when he fought Paddy Ryan. 3. Sullivan was born on Oct. 16, 1858, and fought Ryan on Feb. 7, 1892. He was twenty-three years and four months old when he fought Ryan.

T. W., New Britain, Conn.—The Goodwood Cup of 1892 was won by Douglas Baird's Marigold, five years old, by Bend Or, by Tiger Lily. Blue Green, five years old, owned by the Duke of Westminster, ran second, and Colorado, owned by Col. North, ran third.

W. J. B., Boston.—Steve Maxwell was the first trotter to break the two-mile race record, which had been held for twenty-one years by grand old Flora Temple. Aug. 16, 1889, at the Ellipse Course, Long Island, Flora Temple defeated her great antagonist, Princeps, in 4:40½ and 5:05, an average of 4:53½. July 10, 1890, she met and defeated George M. Patchen in 4:51½ and 5:01½, an average of 4:56½. In 1891, at Centerville, L. I., she met John Morgan and defeated him in straight heats in 4:54½ and 4:58½, an average of 4:53½.

W. J., Toledo, O.—1. Morello won the Futurity in 1892. 2. He ran in the Great American stakes and was defeated. Morello was purchased by his breeder, W. C. Hardy, from Norfolk, Va., as a yearling; he was offered in the sale ring at the same time Major Hancock and Major Dowell's yearlings were sold. When led in the ring no one seemed to want him, and Major Dowell's son was so disgusted at the horseman present not making an offer that he bid \$100, at which price he was sold. Early in 1892 he was taken to Washington, and after winning a small purse, was hawked about and refused by such turfmen as J. E. McDonald, Green Morris and others. Finally Frank Van Ness, who was ruled off the trotting turf, persuaded W. Slingerly, of Philadelphia, to go in with him on the colt, and they purchased him for \$1,500.

T. W., Louisville, Ky.—In his day George M. Patchen was the fastest stallion of two miles, with a record of 4:11½. He won several heat races at this distance. June 29, 1888, at the Union Course, L. I., he defeated Lady Woodruff and Brown Dick in 5:01½ and 5:03½; June 12, 1890, he trotted the fastest race of his career. It was also at the Union Course that he defeated the great Flora Temple in 4:53½ and 4:57½, an average of 4:55½, which it will be noted is far slower than the Fleetwood average. At Fashion Course, L. I., June 3, 1888, he met General Butler and showed his heels to that game and fast campaigner in 4:58 and 4:58. Fifteen days later the same pair fought out the battle again to wagons. The General won the first heat in 4:56½, but was distanced in the second heat in 5:04. July 1 of the same year they met again, this time to saddle, and again George M. Patchen won in 4:55 and 5:01, an average of 4:53½.

BUDD DOBLE STABLE WINNERS.

The records of these horses since coming to the Budd Doble stable have been reduced as follows: Nancy Hanks, 10½ seconds; Martha Wilkes, 10½ seconds; Belle Vasa, 11½ seconds; Jack, 1 second; Lee Russell, 1½ seconds; Jimmie Temple had no record at the trotting gait; Reina, 9 seconds; Major, 8 seconds; Expert Prince, 8½ seconds; Vassar, 9½ seconds; Roaly, 2 seconds; Axle had no record as a yearling; Kate Sparks 10½ seconds.

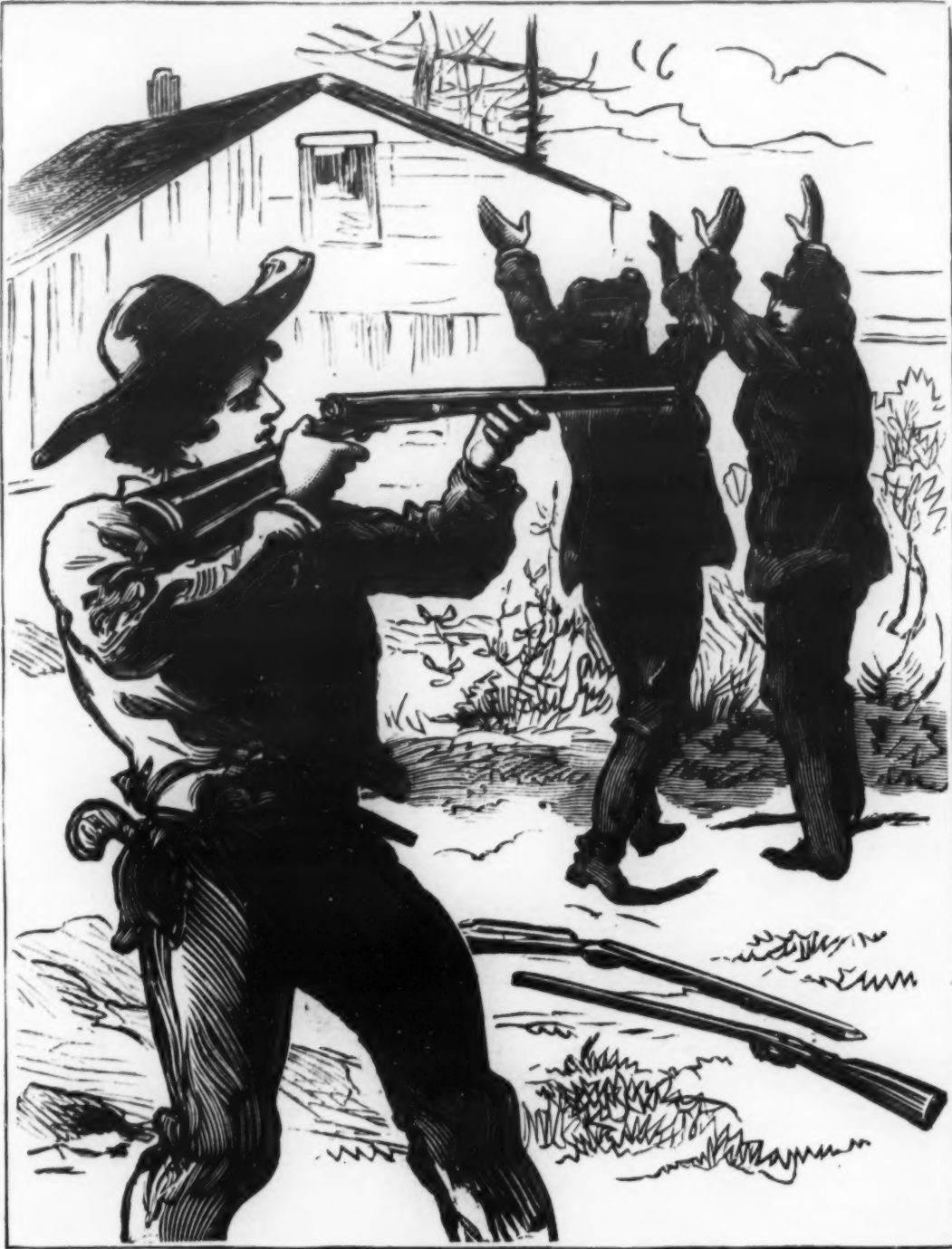
The following table, compiled for the POLICE GAZETTE, gives the winning of Budd Doble's stable during 1892:

Nancy Hanks.....	\$12,000
Martha Wilkes.....	12,000
Belle Vasa.....	7,180
Jack.....	2,520
Prince Herschel.....	1,680
Lee Russell.....	1,040
Jimmie Temple.....	1,000
Reina.....	978
Major.....	900
Expert Prince.....	378
Roaly.....	250
Vassar.....	150
Axle.....	150
Victoria.....	
Sea Girl.....	
	\$42,038

JOCKEY GARRISON WINS AT SHOOTING.

Edward H. Garrison, the champion jockey of America, and Charles E. Morris, President of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club, shot a pigeon match on Dec. 17 at the West End Gun Club, Coney Island. The conditions were 100 birds each, gun handicap, Morris at 30 yards and Garrison at 25 yards. Harrington rules for \$400, and the loser to pay for the birds. Garrison proved himself just as clever with the gun as with the bridle, bit and saddle, for he won by four birds. Morris was the first to trap, and in his first round of twenty-five missed six. The Snapper did the same. In the second round Morris missed three to Garrison's five, making the score at the end of the first fifty, Morris, 41; Garrison, 39. The next twenty-five were bad ones for Morris, Garrison beating him by three birds. In the next and last round the Snapper proved himself to be a good single barrel shot, killing nineteen out of twenty-five with the first barrel and defeating Morris with the score of 55 to 55.

FOOTBALL



A YOUTHFUL OUTLAW.

DEPUTY SHERIFFS AND CITIZENS HELD UP AND BOBBED NEAR DUNGENESS, WASH., BY SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD ALBERT SHARRARD, A NERVOUS LAD.



SHOT HER AUNT.

MRS. PHILLIP BOYD ACCIDENTALLY KILLED BY HER CARELESS NIECE, MISS CELIA BOYD, IN KITTANNING, PA.



MONKEYED WITH THE WRONG GIRLS.

ROSE PHELPS AND ETHEL ODELL, TWO ROCHESTER, N. Y., FAIRIES, DO GEORGE WEBBER UP IN GRAND STYLE.



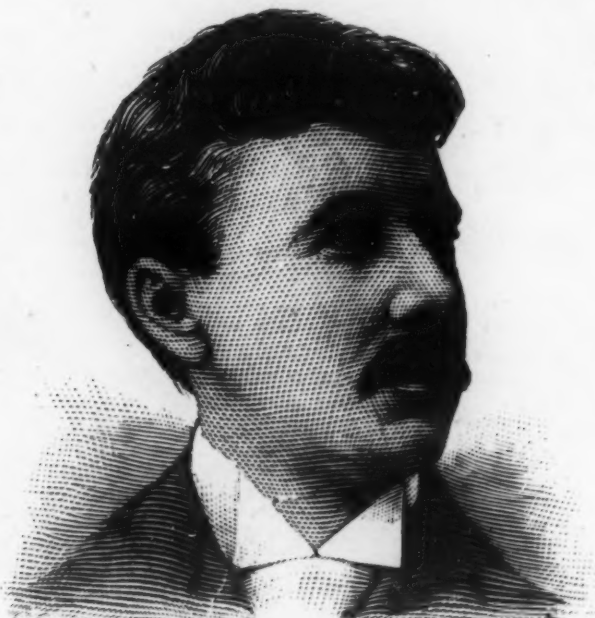
THOUGHT THEY WERE BEARS.

BUT MRS. WILLIAM GWYNNE, OF HACKENSACK, N. J., SOON DISCOVERS HER MISTAKE AND FINDS THAT THE SUPPOSED ANIMALS ARE BURGLARS.



DASHING AND DARING ZAE0.

A LONDON MUSIC HALL ARTISTE, WHOSE SENSATIONAL FEATS IN MID-AIR CALL FORTH APPLAUSE.



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Gelsemin, 8 grains.
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Glycerin, q. s.

Mix.
Make 60 pills. Take one pill at 3 p. m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nervous condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

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